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THE

CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE;

OR,

LEAVES FROM A TROUBLED LIFE.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT fearful vision took such hold on my imagination that I could not get rid of it, do as I would. Terror had taken possession of all my faculties, and the fiery cross had impressed its image on my soul as with a red-hot brand. The bonds that chained me to earthly things seemed suddenly snapt asunder—all save the one that bound my heart to Eve. Rather, it was that in that one tie all the others were absorbed, and I could in no way account for the fresh and strong impulse which my love for her had received of late. My son I could not love—my mother was dead—my brothers and sisters had cast me out from the family-circle. All this happened long before and yet I was no more drawn to Eve than for the last few listless years I had been. How was it, then, that after that dreary night, when all other feeling and affections were, as it were, obliterated from my being, my heartstrings seemed to cling around *her* with a sort of tenacity and energy never known before. Ah! I could not see it then, in my half-pagan state, but now I see it as in a glass. It was yet another proof of God's scathing anger, yet another stroke of His divine justice, to increase the severity of my punishment and make it reach every fibre of my heart. In and through her had I sinned, in and through her was judgment to be executed on my guilty head.

About a month after that (to me) memorable night, we had a visit from Aunt Olive and her reverend partner, and as Eve had really, as I said before, a sort of affection for her aunt her presence, together with the half-vulgar, half-clerical and most profuse chit-chat of good Mr. Elliott seemed to amuse and revive her more than a little. My spirits rose in proportion, and I felt the dreary load somewhat lightened on my heart. Even Aunt Olive herself was far less acrid than usual, and once or twice during the first day's dinner I actually saw her smile. As for Elliott he looked the very picture of good-nature, being on the best possible terms with himself and all the world. I verily think that he would have cheerfully hob-a-nobbed with the Pope himself had he appeared in his proper person on the opposite side of the table with a quart decanter of fine old Port standing on guard between. It was easy to see that the good man's heart overflowed with the kindliest feelings towards all mankind as he turned up his cuffs, and whetted his knife for the great work of dissecting a noble turkey which, with the concomitant oyster sauce, was placed before him. Oh! the unction with which he pronounced his "grace," his eyes taking in, the while, the rare proportions of the savory bird before him.

Amid all the social warmth and unwonted cheerfulness which made our board a truly festive one that day, Joel, our son, remained dull and silent. Gloomy and morose he sat, taking no apparent interest in what was going forward, but feeding like a ghole, for his appetite was at all times remarkable. A sardonic smile played around his finely-curved mouth, but it was evidently in connection with his own dark imaginings. Many a sorrowful look was exchanged between his mother and myself as we glanced towards him, for I think I had never seen him look more attractive than he did that day. His face was of that transparent kind that reflects or exposes every passing emotion of the mind, and there was a fascination in his ever-changing features and in the occasional glance of his lustrous eyes that riveted attention, do as one would.

Seeing that he persisted in his dogged silence, either vouchsafing no reply when any one spoke to him, or making some vague, half-conscious answer that was little less provoking than his silence. Every one noticed it, even Aunt Olive whose favorite Joel had always been. For my part, I was so indignant that I could not wait till dinner was over to express my opinion of his conduct, especially as there were no strangers present. I had asked him a question without receiving any answer, and even his mother looked displeased at his contemptuous conduct.

"Did you hear me speak to you?" said I, raising my voice.

"No really, father!—what did you say?"

"What I said is not of much consequence, but I want you to know that you must answer me when I speak to you. Here have you been sitting like a statue since dinner commenced, hardly condescending to open your lips to any of us. I tell you once for all, Joel! I won't put up with such conduct, so make up your mind to mend your manners, or we'll see who is to be master in this house."

The blood rushed to Joel's face, and his eyes gleamed on me with a strange expression. "I guess my manners are as good as yours," said he, "do you think I'm going to be drilled and lectured by such as you?"

"Joel! Joel!" cried his mother, "why do you speak so to your father?"

"My father!" he repeated with bitter emphasis; "it's my misfortune that he *is* my father——"

"Leave the room," I shouted in a voice husky with rage.

"I won't leave the room," said my hopeful son; "you have no right to order me so in my grandfather's house!—it belongs to my mother and not to you!"

Joel and I had both risen and we now stood glaring on each other with the fiercest anger. Aunt Olive and her husband each put in a remonstrance, the latter begging of me to keep my temper and the former reminding Joel that the disobedient child was accursed of God.

"Nonsense, aunt!" said Joel, turning fiercely on her; "don't talk to me of obedience to such a father as I've got—thanks to my mother's folly!—if there is a God—which an't very clear to me—he don't require a fellow to be trampled under foot in a free country by an alien and—" he stopped short and looked at me as though he feared to finish the sentence.

"And what?" I cried, roused to desperation; "what besides an alien?"

"Joel!" said his mother, in a faint but fearfully agitated tone, "be silent, I command you!—not a word as you love me!"

"He shall speak," I cried in a choking voice, and I swore a dreadful oath; "he shall lay bare his black heart this moment. Speak young man! what other foul name were you going to give me?"

"I think you know it yourself," said Joel, his face now pale as death; "if you *have* a conscience, ask *it*——"

"Name it you," I almost shrieked; "what am I—a Papist?"

"Worse even than that—AN APOSTATE AND A HYPOCRITE!"

Maddened to hear my own son become my accuser, the words had scarcely passed his lips when I sprang on him and felled him to the ground with a blow of my clenched fist. The blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he lay without sense or motion before me.

A wild, heart-rending scream burst from his mother. She tried to rush towards him, but her strength failed her and she fell back pale and trembling in her chair, while Aunt Olive and Mr. Elliott raised Joel between them. I saw by their looks that they thought him dead, and yet with the stolid indifference of despair I threw myself into a seat and looked on as though nowise concerned.

This evidently shocked Eve yet more than the fatal blow. "Simon," said she in a voice of preternatural energy considering her weakness, "Simon, do you know that you have killed your son—that the blood of your first-born is on your hand which shall henceforth be accursed of God and man?"

"I don't care—I couldn't be more accursed than I was. *An apostate and a hypocrite!*—ha! ha! ha! The boy spoke the truth, but it wasn't for him to say it—he'll never say it again, anyhow!" and without another word or a glance at Joel left the room, and ascending to my own chamber locked myself in. There I spent the remainder of the day in gloomy musings. Brooding over the dismal effects of my transgressions, and entirely absorbed in selfish sorrow that was not remorse, I neither heeded the lapse of time nor thought of the possible sufferings of others. It appeared to me more than probable that my unfortunate son had paid the penalty of his life for his atrocious disobedience, but as yet the storm of passion had not subsided, nor had repentance softened my heart in any degree, even the possible consequences of my unnatural crime never crossed my mind. An hour or so after I left the dining-room a gentle knock came to the door. It was repeated again and again, and at last I was forced to ask "Who's there?" hoping to get rid of the intruder, yet trembling in anticipation of the direful news I might have to hear. I was answered by the soft voice of Eve, begging for admission. Now most people are glad and thankful to have some one to condole and sympathize with them in their misery, but not so me. I desired nothing else at that moment but to be alone, and I felt as though the presence of any one—but Eve of all people—would have been insupportable. The sight of her pale reproachful face would have been torture to me, now that I had made her, in all probability, a childless mother.

"Eve!" said I, affecting a sternness which I did not feel; "Eve! I can't let you in. Tell me, however, is Joel dead?"

"Oh no—no, Simon! it's not so bad as that—he is ill—very ill, but not dead—oh! not dead. The doctor says he may live. Come and see him, won't you?"

"Not dead!" I repeated gruffly, endeavoring to conceal my satisfaction. "Well! it's dead he ought to be!"

"For shame, Simon! how can you hope to be forgiven if *you* forgive not? Come and see poor Joel!"

"Did he ask to see me?"

"No—but then his mind is wondering, you know!"

"Go away, Eve, and let me alone! go to your son—he's more to you than I am."

She still continued her expostulations, but all to no purpose. I spoke no more. At last she lost her patience and became angry. Words of bitterness escaped her lips which sank deep into my heart and made it hard as the granite rock. Within *my* soul was the dark, dogged, sullen spirit born of remorse and pride, and in Eve's, the stern determination inherited from her Puritan fathers, a quality which on ordinary occasions was but little perceptible.

"Do you forget," said she, "that that room was mine before it was yours?"

"No matter for that—it is mine now—I will not open it!"

"You will not?"

"No!—leave me alone, I want no companion in my misery."

There was no reply, and I knew that Eve

was gone. "Now," said I to myself, "I know she has something in her head, for I never knew her to give way so easily when once her blood was up. I'll see what she is up to."

Strange to say, at that moment, my curiosity swallowed up all other feelings, and in order to gratify it, I unlocked the door, and leaving it wholly unfastened, stationed myself in the shadow of a large, old-fashioned clothes-press on the lobby.

I was not mistaken as to Eve's intentions, nor had I to wait long. She came again up the stairs with a feeble step, holding by the banister, and followed by poor Phil Cullen's successor in the garden, (for Phil had gone the way of all flesh a few years before.)

Peeping anxiously from my concealment, I saw that my wife was ghastly pale and that her whole frame trembled with emotion. My heart was touched at her appearance, and yet I was angry, very, very angry.

The remonstrative voice of Elliott now drew off my attention for a moment from Eve. "My dear Mrs. Kerr! take him gently," said the man of peace, as he reached the stair-head puffing and blowing after the ascent. "You know we have it in the Holy Book that a soft word turneth away wrath. Oh! don't—don't now—let me speak to him before you do this thing!"

Eve, wrapped up in the intensity of her own passion, heeded not the friendly remonstrance, but made a sign for the gardener to force the door. "But stop a moment," said she, "perhaps it an't locked now." So saying she placed her shoulder to the door to try it, and, leaning perhaps more heavily than she intended, from her weak state, the door went in, and with a scream of terror Eve fell forward. In an instant I had her in my arms, but she was quite insensible, nay, to all appearance, dead. I carried her in and laid her on her bed, and watched with the most excruciating anxiety the effect of the various restoratives applied by Aunt Olive and the women from the kitchen. Elliott had taken his wife's place at Joel's bedside to send her up to us, and to do the old lady justice, there fell more tears from her eyes over Eve's inanimate form than I had ever supposed her capable of shedding. For me I retired into a corner of the room, and watched the progress of the various remedies. During the hour that my wife remained in that swoon I went through an age of suffering. I already fancied myself alone in the world, and shrank into the depths of my wretched heart.

Who can paint my joy when, after an hour of fruitless exertion, the vital spark manifested its presence in a long-drawn sigh and a convulsive twitching of the limbs. Eve was restored to life, but not, alas! to consciousness. The beautiful eyes opened again, but the light of reason was not in them. The voice even made itself heard, but in low incoherent mutterings, broken by sighs and moans.

That night I watched by Eve's bed, watched with a never-closing eye, and a heart that scarcely beat. I was alone with the unconscious sufferer, for Aunt Olive watched by Joel, and others I would not admit, even good Mr. Elliott, whose officious kindness and trite homilies on resignation I dreaded of all things. It was dreadful during those long, dreary hours, to hear that low plaintive voice muttering complaints and reproaches, which conscience could not fail to apply to myself. Occasionally she uttered the names of her dead children, but of Joel she seldom spoke, except once or twice when she charged me with his death.

She had been lying quite still for some time, and I thought she slept, when all at once she turned her eyes on me with something approaching to recollection: "There's a curse on the family," she said with startling energy, "and it's all along Simon's doing. I guess he'd better have kept as he was."

Independent of the fearful meaning of her words, I was terrified, for I saw some alarming change taking place, and I knew not what to do. I feared to leave the room to call assistance, which yet I desired with frantic eagerness. I threw open the door and called aloud for help, then raised Eve in my arms, and murmured words of endearment. It might have been that the familiar tones awoke her to consciousness for a brief moment, for she started, and her lip trembled as she looked at me again.

"You've done wrong, Simon!—to sell your God for a wife—and I did wrong to ask you—I see—I see it now—forgive—forgive me!"

Overjoyed to hear her speak rationally again, I forgot for the moment her perilous condition and tried to reassure her. A melancholy shake of the head was her only answer. She spoke no more on earth, and before many minutes had gone by—they were an age to me—I laid her down in her last sleep—a lump of breathless clay.

When Eve drew her last sigh it seemed as though the evil spell was broken that had so long held my soul in thrall. A load of sorrow weighed me down, selfish sorrow for her loss, but out of the darkness of my anguish came at last a ray of light. As I stood beside the lifeless body of her who had been all the world to me, an angel seemed to descend and trouble the pool of my overwhelming sorrow, and forth from it came repentance true, genuine, Christian repentance such as I had never experienced before at any period of my life.

As I looked upon the stark, rigid features that had been till late so mobile and expressive, and the eyes that were as liquid orbs of light now dark and dull, and sightless, I said within myself: "Can that be Eve Samuels?—was it for that piece of flesh that I resigned my hopes of heaven?—forfeited the love of mother and kindred—and cut myself off, a rotten branch, from the tree of life? God of mercy, I am worse than dead in Thy sight—dead by my own act—a miserable suicide! What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul? Ay! what, indeed, doth it profit him? I gained the world—that is all I wanted, by my apostacy—what now remains of all, but some handfuls of the dross called money—money—ah! what can it do for me? Can it give me peace, or rest, or happiness even *here?* Can it save me one hour from the fatal stroke that has cut *her* down?—oh, no! no! no!—one good confession, one act of real contrition, one deed of mortification, once to sit at a table which I dare not name, would do more to heal my lacerated heart than all the wealth of London! Coarse and bitter are the husks which I have eaten since I wandered from my father's house. I will arise like the Prodigal and go back to my Father, for now I feel His gracious goodness in this darkest hour of my life—He beckons me from afar, holding out the Cross on which His Son died for me! Ha! the Cross! it was to crush my idols of flesh—it *has* crushed them—they are utterly broken—the arm of vengeance has smitten them for my sins—mercy! oh, Lord, mercy!—spare my unhappy son—cut him not off in his wickedness—punish me, but spare him!"

How long I remained in this mournful yet saving lethargy of woe I cannot tell, but when Aunt Olive towards morning came into the room, she found me kneeling beside the bed, the clay-cold hand of my dead wife locked in mine, and my eyes fixed in what appeared to her a trance.

It was not till after Eve's interment that I consented to see Joel, and I confess I entered his room in rather a hopeful spirit, for Aunt Olive and her husband had been trying to persuade me that he was disposed to repent his undutiful conduct. Half an hour's discourse with him unfortunately dispelled the illusion. Dark and cynical and obdurate as ever, I found him to be. He even upbraided me with being accessory to his mother's death, and said, with a sneer, that I must be ever so much disappointed to find HIM in the way of doing well.

Smothering my anger as best I could, in obedience to the newly-awakened voice of religion, I strove to convince Joel of his error with regard to his mother's death and my feeling towards her. I told him I forgave him all, and even asked his pardon for all the suffering my unbridled passion had caused him. He laughed in my face, and asked did I think him so green as to believe all that stuff? This I could not bear, and telling him it would be long before I spoke to him again on any subject, I left the room and the house.

CONCLUSION.

A few weeks after Eve's death, while my good dispositions were still fresh and vivid, an opportunity was afforded me to be reconciled to God. A mission was again given in the town, and, although it cost me a fearful struggle, I resolutely prepared myself for confession, approached the sacred tribunal three or four times during the week, and finally had the happiness of receiving holy communion, after being publicly received back into the Church.

Great was the horror, and greater still the indignation of all New Haven, when it became known that Elder Kerr had gone bodily over to Rome. The whole town was in an uproar of indignant exclamation. Everybody talked to everybody about my miserable backsliding, and everybody told his or her neighbor that he or she never had faith in my principles. It was all at once found out that I had been all along a suspicious character, and the only wonder was that Deacon Samuels could have been so deceived as to place confidence in me—above all to give me his daughter.

When, on the day previous to his departure, I took the priest home with me to dinner, the popular indignation reached its height. We were followed through the street by an angry crowd of boys and women, whose comments and apostrophes were anything but complimentary. So long as they did not proceed to actual violence, neither my companion nor myself cared much. For my part, I was well content to be reviled and abused, receiving it as my due, in a spirit of penance. "I have been honored and looked up to by these people," said I to myself, "in virtue of my apostacy—it is retributive justice that I should now receive all contumely at their hands."

All was well, however, till Joel heard of what was going on. He was just able to walk about his room, but as yet had not ventured to leave it. To my great surprise he sent to ask me to visit him, and when I did, he asked me very gravely if it was true that a priest was in the house, and that I had gone back to Rome.

"For the latter part of it," said he, "I am not at all surprised, but I won't stand it if you've brought a priest under this roof."

"It *is* true, then, but, even so, Joel, I don't well see how you can help yourself."

"I'll go down and kick him out!"

"Yourself shall be kicked out first. I'm master here, Joel! and with God's help, I'll remain so, while I'm in it—which won't be long!"

"The shorter the better, for you're a disgrace to our family! It's well for you and the Romish humbug down stairs that I'm not able to do what I'd wish to do—I guess I'd raise the town about you both and make it too hot to hold you!"

Had not divine grace enabled me to keep my temper there is no knowing what I might have done at the moment. As it was, I merely said "God convert you, Joel!" and returned to my honored guest.

To think of continuing my business in New Haven with such a son and such a public prejudice against me was not to be thought of. I, therefore, made over the concern to Joel with the large stock then on hands, notifying him on paper that he had nothing more to expect from me, and that no further intercourse was to take place between us. To the latter clause he willingly agreed, impudently saying it was just what he wanted. As for "the concern" he didn't thank me any, he said, for it was his by right.

With a heavy heart I bade farewell to the graves of my wife and children, lingered a moment by the last resting-place of Deacon Samuels, and thought with many contending emotions of the luckless day when he lured me away from my Boston employers, I little dreaming at the time of the fearful abyss yawning before me. Still I felt no bitterness towards the old man, although he *was* accessory to my evil-doings, and I dropt a tear to his memory as I turned my back on his stately tomb. What I felt on taking my last look of Eve's fair name, illumined by the rays of the evening sun, it were idleness to tell, for who could sympathize with my heavy sorrow. Why lay bare to the gaze of strangers the torn and bleeding heart that was in my bosom. For that sorrow religion had no balm, for it was not only my own loss I mourned, but the scandal I had given my precious wife, and the probable loss of her soul, through my odious fault.

Her last words were ringing in my ears, like the voice of an accusing angel, and it was only the extraordinary fervor following on my conversion that kept me from falling into despair.

The last sigh was heaved, however, and the last fond look taken, and I turned away from the spot where I could have lingered forever. I had considerable investments in the Boston banks, and to that city I directed my steps. There for twenty years I led an obscure and peaceful life,

"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Most of my former acquaintances were either dead or gone no one knew whither, and, on the whole, I was glad of it. But even if any of them had seen me they would not have recognized the handsome and somewhat dandified young Irishman of their former knowledge with the sallow-faced, care-worn old man—prematurely old—who showed little trace of his origin in his outward appearance. During the latter years of my Boston life, I had the happiness of contributing a large sum to the erection of a Church in New Haven, and the first priest who was sent thither was the same who, so many years before, had received me back into the Communion of the Church.

As for Joel, he soon contrived to get rid of the business which had given a fortune to his grandfather and to me likewise. He left New Haven and I lost sight of him for some years until the time of the Native riots, when, happening to be in Philadelphia on a visit to a priest, I recognized my unhappy son in a tall, brawny Hercules who was leading on the mob in the infuriate attack on St. Augustine's Church. Never shall I forget the demoniacal expression of his once handsome features as he waved his arm and called on the others to burn down the "Mass-house" and clear the city of the rascally Irish. The sight has never since left my eyes; sleeping and waking it is ever before me, and the thought of that hell-inspired ruffian being *my son* is like a fiery dart sticking for ever and ever in my heart. How I got away from the window, whence I had seen Joel, I cannot tell, but my heart was then and there made sick of a country where such guilt and misery had been my lot, and, I only waited to transfer my funded property to Dublin, then bade a final farewell to America, and turned my face homewards to the dear old land which in an evil hour I quitted.

Many changes have passed over the face of the Green Isle since I left its rocky shores,—changes public and changes private have taken place amongst its people—the friends whom *I* loved and cherished have passed away, ay! every soul, so that, with the aid of my altered appearance, I can pass myself off for a stranger, yet there is something in the very atmosphere which breathes of *home.* The warm hearts and loving eyes that cheered my boyhood are gone,—the *living* friends are lost to sight, and I miss their enlivening presence, oh! how much!—but the inanimate friends—the old, familiar scenes remain. I have taken up my abode in the very house of my nativity—ruined, it is, and desolate, yet it is the shell which contained the kernel of my affections. The fields are as green, the sky as changeful, the mountains as grand, the sacred valley as lone and solemn, and, above all, the faith and piety of the people is still the same, simple, earnest, nothing doubting, all-performing. Oh! I am not alone here, one cannot be alone here, with the monuments of ages of faith around, and the same faith ever living and acting amongst the people. I can go and kneel by the graves of my parents and pray that my end may be like theirs, and I feel that the penitent tears I shed are acceptable to God, and that the spirits of those over whose ashes I weep may one day welcome me in glory when the last trace of my guilt is effaced by whatever process God pleases. Here, amid the solitude of the desert city, I meditate on the years I passed in a foreign land, and rejoice that the feverish dream is over. Where I herded my goats, a peasant-boy, I muse, an old and wrinkled man, on the path of life I have trodden. I stand at the opposite end of existence, and ask myself what is the difference. I have had since what is called "position," I have wealth still—ay! a fortune, but what of that—I am old, friendless, childless and *alone*, burdened with harrowing recollections, and ready to sink into a grave unhonored and unknown. I was poor and unlearned in those days which I now looked back on with regret, but I had many hearts to love me; "now," said I bitterly to myself, "I dare not breathe my name to any hereabouts, for the memory of my crime is traditional amongst the people, and, did they recognize me, all the wealth I have would not bribe them to look with kindness on him who was once AN APOSTATE."

HOW TO BRING A LOVER TO HIS SENSES.—There is a couple residing in the parish of Mark, Somersetshire, that were married some years since under the following extraordinary circumstances: "John had been courting Mary for some time, and told her he would marry her, but never told her when, and at last he began to flag a little, and, to use Mary's own words, she thought he meant to jib in good earnest. So she borrowed a neighbor's pistol, loaded it with powder and ball, waylaid Johnny one evening, and presented the pistol, at the same time asking him in the most "affectionate manner," to make his choice either to marry her, leave the kingdom for ever, or have his brains blown out. John instantly exclaimed, with open arms, "Oh, have you, my dear." He kept his promise, and they were spliced soon after, and are now as happy as their neighbors."

DEATH OF DR. ROBERT CANE OF KILKENNY.

[*From the Nation.*]

The first grass has scarcely rooted on the grave where but a few short months ago we mourned a glorious genius (John Hogan) lost to Ireland and the world, when stunned and heart-stricken, in drear bewilderment and grief of soul we stand beside the bier where, reft from us in the hour when our need was sorest, lies the trusted and the gifted—the hope and the pride of a gallant cause. Dr. Cane of Kilkenny is no more!

Well may Kilkenny mourn her noblest citizen, the greatly honored and the largely loved. Well may she boast with pride that *he* at least was not unhonored by the people of his native city, amongst whom his life and labors passed. When first their choice was free to fill the Civic chair, that choice fell joyfully on him; he was elected first Chief Magistrate of the reformed corporation of Kilkenny. This flattering exaltation he gracefully resigned in favor of a fellow-citizen; but when the city cast its vote again, it fell on Dr. Cane! Each year still found him in the Council chamber—save one indeed which found him, more honored still, the inmate of a patriot's prison. But when he passed the dungeon's threshold, his welcome home was shouted at the hustings by his admiring fellow-citizens, who made his first step from the cell, a procession to the Mayor's throne, and for the government fetters gave the chain of magisterial office—the highest honor in their power to bestow. But how shall we speak of him within that home where his truest nature shone; where that warm and generous heart was best displayed. In the sorrowing faces and tearful eyes that filled the streets of Kilkenny from day to day, as his hours of life drew to a close; in the prayers that from every altar in the city went daily up to Heaven's throne beseechingly for him, will be found the most powerful and eloquent elegy on the good great man whose loss we mourn to-day.

Dr. Cane was in his 52d year. It is not saying too much to declare that few men ever possessed such impressive power as he did in his very appearance. His tall—almost towering—well-proportioned figure; his broad expanse of chest; his portly, kingly bearing, seemed to stamp him as one "born to command." His massive, lofty brow; his handsome, manly face, was lit up by an eye which spoke the power of mind and depth of soul within; while his voice, deep-toned and musical, could well give forth the passionate eloquence that was so peculiarly his own.

For some time past, we believe, he was conscious of the existence of the disease which, verifying his own never-failing professional prescience, has proved fatal at the last. About three weeks ago it made its first strong assault, which, however, was repulsed, as we believe even he himself for a moment imagined successfully. For a few days he was able at least to take his accustomed place, surrounded by the loved and loving ones of his household, at the head of the hospitable board, where oft he won the heart of friend and guest—where even then *one* friend and guest—the last thus honored—shared the happiness that shone around—the friend who now, with aching heart and blinding tears, sits down to trace these lines! Last week the deadly attack was renewed, and a shadow of our sorrowful news to-day threw its gloom upon our pages. On Sunday, however, again he rallied, and all was hope and exultation in Kilkenny; and again for a moment even he himself believed he was about to recover. Alas! on Monday he sunk hopelessly, and on Tuesday morning he was no more!

Above that new-made grave, beneath the shade of St. Canice's, a people's tears will fall; around that home, so sadly stricken, the sorrows of a nation twine. But who may measure the affliction of her thus reft of such a husband?—who may estimate the grief of an only daughter, gentle, guileless, graceful, scarcely past the days of childhood, who has thus mournfully lost a parent that treasured her with a worshipper's devotion? Two gallant-spirited and high-souled sons, just come to manhood's years, remained to follow, let us hope, an example so bright, so honorable, and glorious. Two others also—one, the youngest of the five, the infant picture of his departed father; the other, a noble, generous boy, with all that father's kindliness of heart, and warmth of feeling. God bless and guard them all, and be to them a father. May they never want an Irish heart to prove how truly he whom they have lost was loved and cherished by his countrymen! And may that country, which he loved and served so well and truly, throughout all time hold fondly in its memory amongst the pure and brave, the noble and the gifted of her children, the name or Robert Cane!

MAY GOD GIVE REST ETERNAL TO HIS SOUL.

A REMARKABLE DOCUMENT.

A remarkable pamphlet has just been published in France, and has been received with acclamation. Its title is *Cherbourg et L'Angelere.* Its author is a government *employe* named Lechevallier. The following is an extract from the work:

"The inauguration of Cherbourg is, for France, a festival of the glorification of her navy, for the nations a festival of hope, and for England a festival of expiation." "Long enough has England paraded her maritime brigandage, and prided herself on it. The history of England is a permanent scandal; the success of England disturbs the conscience, like the sight of a fortunate bandit. But if the bandit lives too short a time always to meet his punishment here below, it is not the same with a city or a nation. Where now is Carthage? Where will be superb England to-morrow?" Again—"In her heart England is afraid; and what excites to so high a degree her ill concealed terrors is her evil conscience." "Steam has continentalized England; she is no longer an island as formerly. We can land on her shores when we please, and where has she soldiers to combat us?" At times, this impetuous and partial writer, carried away by his patriotic and bellicose ardor, abandons the conditional for the future tense, and talks of what France will do when the war he evidently thirsts for shall break out. He also gives us some rather startling intelligence. "England lost nearly all her army in the Crimea; to repair her losses at Inkerman she recalled her troops from India; hence the insurrection; in reality, it was from Sebastopol that sprung the independence of India. . . . The denomination of the English in India is finished. Nothing can again lift English power. They may command days of prayer and of public fasting; they would need to change their souls. . . . They have wearied Providence, and their reign is past. . . . The power of England was never anything but a usurped power. . . . She remained in the first rank only as the consequence of a surprise. She is redescending to her natural position. She will sulk at first; then she will get used to it. If she kicks she is lost. And will she end by listening to reason and by learning justice, for Cherbourg is there." The writer inveigles against the "privileged classes" in England, and predicts that they would find no support from the people on the day when a French General should present himself with the great charter of universal suffrage in one hand, and in the other the Code Napoleon, with all its principles of social equality. "Henceforward it is no longer Heaven that the English workman will invoke in his misery, he will turn his eyes towards Cherbourg, seeking in the mists of the horizon the liberating fleet."

PROVINCIAL SYNOD AT TUAM.

A Synodical meeting, called by the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, of the Prelates of the province of Connaught, assisted by their Theologians, &c., was publicly opened on Tuesday, 10th August, in the Tuam Cathedral, with all the solemnity proscribed by the Roman Pontificale. The letters convening the sacred congregation were issued by his Grace on the 25th of March last, and there came, at the appointed time, Monday, the 9th, attended by a large number of clergy, all the bishops to whose charge is committed the faithful of the province, in order that they might take counsel together respecting ecclesiastical affairs, and prepare such decrees or regulations as in their wisdom they may deem calculated to promote the spiritual good of their people. The ceremonies were commenced on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock, when a procession of the bishops and clergy in their robes proceeded from the College of St. Jarlath's across the grounds to the Cathedral. First in order was the processional cross, borne by the Rev. Mr. Burke, supported by acolytes and thurifer; next a large body of clergy in soutanes and surplices, the bishops in order of seniority, wearing soutane, rochet, amice, pectoral cross, cope, and mitre, having their trains borne by youths dressed in red soutanes and surplices. The Archbishop, attended by several clergymen, walked last and wore soutane, rochet, amice, alb, cincture, pectoral cross, stole, cope, jeweled mitre, and carried his crosier. On the arrival of the procession in the sanctuary, the Archbishop was conducted to the throne, where he was invested with the dalmatic, tunic, chasuble, the gloves and pallium, as Metropolitan. The other Prelates present were: The Lord Bishop of Elphin. Theologians—the Rev. Mr. M'Gowran, P. P., and the Rev. Mr. Wallace, P. P., both Deans of the Chapter of Elphin. The Lord Bishop of Killala. Theologians—the Very Rev. Dr. Costello, P. P., Crossmolina, and the Rev. Mr. Conway, P. P. The Lord Bishop of Clonfert. The Lord Bishop of Achonry. Theologian—the Very Rev. Dean Durcan, P. P., Swinford. The Lord Bishop of Kilmacduagh. Theologian—the Very Rev. Dr. Shannon, P. P. The Lord Bishop of Galway. Theologian—the Rev. George Cummins, P. P. The Coadjutor Bishop of Elphin. Theologian — the Rev. Mr. Gilhooly, P. P. The Deacons assisting at the throne were the Very Rev. Peter Reynolds, P. P., Claremorris, and the Rev. P. M'Manus, P. P., Clifden.

The Synod was brought to a close on Sunday, 15th ult., with all the usual forms, and with great solemnity. The Bishop proceeded from the College to the Cathedral, at twelve o'clock noon, in the same order of procession that was observed on the day of the opening of the Synod. One of the largest assemblies that we have ever seen collected together in our majestic Cathedral was present on this occasion, so eager was the feeling and so intense and wide-spread was the anxiety to witness the truly interesting proceedings that were being carried on. A large assemblage of the neighboring gentry and people was also in attendance. This, may, in the greatest degree, be attributed to the announcement previously made that our revered and illustrious Archbishop was to preach the sermon. Consequently, crowds upon crowds flocked from all quarters to witness the awe-inspiring and deeply interesting ceremonies that preceded the delivery of his Grace's heaven-inspired, eloquent, most appropriate, and beautifully-delivered address, which occupied upwards of an hour. His Grace's sermon was one well worthy of his powerful intellect and acknowleged master-mind, and was listened to with the most intense and edifying attention by the thousands that composed the vast congregation. The solemn pontifical high mass was celebrated at the commencement of the ceremonies by the Lord Bishop of Achonry, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Corcoran and Heany as deacon and sub-deacon, the Very Rev. Thomas MacHale acting as master of the ceremonies, and his Grace the Archbishop, with the other prelates and dignitaries, of course, being present in their usual places, as on the former occasion. The ceremonies were terminated with the signing of the decrees of the Synod, and a solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.—*Tuam Herald.*

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION IN MINNESOTA.—The legislature of Minnesota has passed a Homestead Exemption Law. The following is a summary of the act, from the St. Paul *Daily Times:* "The first provision exempts eighty acres of land, with a dwelling house thereon, in any incorporated town, plat, city or village. This exemption does not extend to mortgages already on the premises, but no mortgage is valid without the signature of the wife. Besides the above, many articles are exempted, such as wearing apparel, all beds, bedding, stores, cooking utensils, 'and all other household furniture not herein enumerated, not exceeding five hundred dollars in value,' so that every article absolutely necessary to live, and live comfortably, is exempted by this law. In addition thereto the law exempts 'three cows, ten swine, one yoke of oxen and one horse; or, in lieu of one yoke of oxen and a horse, a span of horses, or mules; twenty sheep, and the wool from the same, either in the raw material or manufactured; the necessary food for the stock; one wagon, cart or dray; one sleigh, two ploughs, one drag, and other farming utensils not exceeding three hundred and fifty dollars in value.' Also, the provisions for the debtor and his family for one year's support, either provided or growing; also fuel for one year. Also, the tools and instruments of any mechanic, with four hundred dollars' worth of stock; also the library and implements of the professional man. No property is exempt from execution or attachment for clerk's, laborer's, or mechanic's wages."

SPREAD OF CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND.—At an anti-Popery meeting held in England last month, the notorious Dr. Cumming was obliged to confess the gigantic strides which the Catholic Church is making in that country: "The Protestant Alliance," he said, "was not at present in a very prosperous state. It was proposed to raise a sum of money; they had had two meetings at Stroud, and thought they would have another at no great distance, and, therefore, had selected the city of Worcester. The Catholic Church was very quiet at present, but this change was only a change in her tactics; she was more dangerous in her silence than she was in her noise; the Duchess of Buccleugh had become a Catholic, the Dowager Duchess of Argyll had done the same the other day, and labored in the cause with a zeal which would be worthy of all praise if the purpose was a different one, and he verily believed all the old Scotch nobility would go over to Romanism. In England not less than two hundred Clergy had gone over owing to the doctrines of Poole, Liddel, and others of the Dr. Pusey school. Cardinal Wiseman had recently stated that in the district of Belgravia they had as many as two hundred converts." Such is the testimony even of our enemies.

PUNCTUATION POINTS—The points now used in punctuation were introduced into writing gradually, some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, thus—Publius.Scipio.Africanus. Upon the end of the 15th century only the period, colon, and comma had been introduced. The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular figure or line proportionate to the size of the letter. To Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer in 1770, we are indebted for the semicolon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules now observed in regard to their use. The note of interrogation and exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom. Inverted commas (") were first used by Monsieur Aillemont, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede th use of *italic* letters, and the French printers now call them by that name. But they have lately been used to denote quoted matter. It is not known by whom the apostrophe and dash were invented.

SEPARATION IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that an extraordinary separation has taken place in high life. Mr. and Mrs. C. B—— were married on Monday, the 26th July. This happy pair may be justly said to have expedited their business. They were married on Monday, grew sullen on Tuesday, did not speak to one another on Wednesday, on Thursday words came forth, but they produced an open breach, so that by Friday evening they separated by mutual consent.—*Court Journal.*

A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, is the root of all immorality.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

[*From the American Agriculturist for September.*]

WHEAT SOWING.

We hear many complaints of the total, or partial failure of the wheat crop, in various sections of the country. In some places it has been winter killed, in others smitten by rust, and in many others cut off by the insects. The truth probably is, that, excepting destruction by insects, there is about the same amount of injury received from these sources as occurs every year. The business of collecting information from the wheat-growing districts is now so systematized, that we hear much more of the failures, than we were accustomed to, ten years ago. Whole columns of reports are published in the daily newspapers, and the story of failure in fifty counties of the union makes a great impression. Wheat has never been so certain a crop as Indian corn. It is a more captious plant in its wants, and must have more careful attention. It demands a porous soil, rich in vegetable matter, such as is found in the newly cleared lands of the West. In old lands *the mechanical preparation of the soil is* a matter of prime importance. The more nearly you can make it like the virgin soil the better. If it be not already dry it should be made so. The soil should be deeply stirred with a subsoil plow to let the rains pass down quickly, and to give air to the roots of the plants. More wheat is winter killed by stagnant water freezing around the plants, than by any other cause. The deep stirring of the soil is also a help in Summer, guarding the crop against drouth. If the land is not underdrained it should be plowed in narrow lands, with deep dead furrows to give the water a chance to pass off into them.

Sow Early.—The experience of wheat growers is very uniformly in favor of early sowing. The sooner it is put in after the first of September, the better. The roots have time to get a strong hold of the soil and are not easily thrown out by the frost.

Select your Seed.—This may be done by threshing the bundles only partially. A few strokes of the flail will knock out the plumpest kernels. Some of the fanning mills have riddles for this purpose, running the smallest kernels through, and saving the large ones for seed. Attention to this matter is of great importance if you wish to keep up the reputation of any given variety. The early red varieties, such as the pure Red Mediterranean, are most reliable against insect ravages.

Use a Drill, if you cultivate wheat in any considerable quantity. It will soon pay for itself in the saving it makes in the seed, and in the larger yield per acre. If without a drill, plow in the seed with a shallow furrow.

Manures.—Do not be afraid of making the land too rich. Wheat will not grow where buckwheat and some other grains might yield a tolerable crop. Barn-yard manures are always good and safe. Ashes, lime, plaster, and clover turned in green, will each and all pay, in certain conditions of the soil. As good wheat can be grown now as ever in the oldest parts of the country, if cultivators will heed these suggestions—except where the insects happen to abound for the time being.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD CIDER.

There is hardly a tithe of cider made now as compared with forty years ago. Many of the old orchards have died out, and the temperance reform has prevented their renewal. The market for fine fruits has greatly expanded, and nearly all the trees now planted are for the production of market apples. It took eight bushels of apples to make a barrel of cider, and the barrel sold for only a dollar. Apples now bring every year from fifty cents to a dollar a bushel. Fruit growers can hardly be expected to lament the change that is so much for their pecuniary interest.

Yet cider is still made all over the country in small quantities, some for the apple butter, some for vinegar, and still more for a beverage. When bottled and properly handled, it is as palatable, and much more wholesome, than most of the wines of commerce. In affections of the kidneys it is an excellent remedy, and should have a place in every well appointed cellar. It is a matter of some importance, that what cider is made, should be made in the best manner.

The apples should be well ripened, but not in the least decayed. Every apple with the least speck of rot in it should be removed, if you wish a first rate beverage. The decayed and inferior apples may be reserved for making vinegar. Perfect cleanliness should be observed in the grinding process which should be performed two days before pressing, and the pomace be permitted to stand and mellow in the vat, until it assumes a deep red color. Clean dry straw should be used in forming the cheese. If the straw be musty, the flavor will be communicated to the juice. If water be added, it will make it hard and unpleasant to the taste. The casks, also, in which it is put for fermentation, should be thoroughly cleansed and finished off with a fumigation of brimstone. This is done by burning inside the barrel a few strips of canvas, dipped in melted brimstone. The fumes will penetrate all the pores and destroy the must and correct the sourness. After the fermentation is over, draw off into clean barrels, and clarify it. This can be done by mixing a quart of clean white sand with the whites of half a dozen eggs, and a pint of mustard seed, and pouring it into the barrel, It may stand in the barrel, or, if a nice article is wanted, it should be put into quart bottles and corked.

This cider will be fit to drink in case of sick-

ness, and will always bear a good price in market. It retails at twenty-five cents a bottle, and would bring at least two dollars a dozen, by the quantity. This is much better business than to make a poor article from decayed apples, in a slovenly manner, and sell it for two dollars a barrel.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

An alarm of a fire having broken out in the laundry and kitchen of the Belfast District Lunatic Asylum being given, Mr. Cockburn with two fire engines was immediately despatched to the spot; Mr. Lindsay, chief-constable, and Mr. Vance, inspector of fires, were in attendance. The fire, it appears, originated in a drying loft while the laundress was at dinner. There were some girls in a making-up room, and having heard the crackling and burning of sticks, they gave the alarm, but before much assistance could be rendered a good deal of damage was done.—*Ulsterman.*

The deportation of Scotch and English paupers, formerly belonging to this country, still continues, and the quays of Belfast occasionally present heartrending scenes of misery. Captain M'Bride, so well known for his efforts to relieve this unfortunate class, is exerting himself with unabated philanthrophy.

Mr. Spurgeon has appeared in Belfast for the first time, and delivered a sermon in connection with the evening service in the Rev. Dr. Cooke's Church, Mary street, before a large congregation.

Armagh.

James Kelly, the man who was stabbed in the affray at Hilden, has since died from the effects of the inj ry he received. It will be recollected that an inquest was held at Hilden on the body of Owen Hughes, the other victim in this unfortunate case, and that a verdict of manslaughter was returned against Alexander Martin. The inquest which was held at Dunmurry on the body of Kelly, developed the same state of facts as were sworn to in the previous inquest, and after a patient investigation the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.—*Belfast Mercury.*

A boy named John Mackin, about 12 years old, was killed by electric fluid, during a thunder storm, near Newtownhamilton. An inquest was held by Mr. J. M. Magee, Coroner, on the the body, and a verdict in accordance with the above facts was returned.

Barry and Charles Fox have granted leases in perpetuity to all the tenants on their Keady estates. The necessary deeds have been prepared by their law agent, Mr. Burke.—*Guardian.*

Down.

As to the rumor that the potato crop has been visited by the old distemper, we are gratified at being able to say that in this district the attack is very slight indeed, amounting to a very small proportion of the entire crop. In no former year since the disease made its appearance, do we recollect fewer complaints, while the quality of the esculent for being firm and dry has not been surpassed in its palmiest day.

In the neighborhood of Downpatrick men are at present paid 2s., and women 1s. 6. per day.

Dublin.

The Professor of Chemistry in the Catholic University having reserved his course of lectures until after the expiration of the term, in order that his pupils might have the advantage of attending other classes during the term which ended the last week in July, and a report of the examination of those classes having appeared in our impression of the 7th August, we have now to add that Dr. Sullivan's course was delivered in the Cecelia street School of Medicine, and the evening of the 12th was appointed for the testing of the proficiency of the students who attended that course. The examination was *viva voce*, and lasted nearly four hours, and at its conclusion the Professor declared the following to be his award: First prize, Mr. Andrew English; second prize, Mr. J. J. Kelly. After a short but impresssive lecture on the utility and necessity of a practical knowledge of chemistry, and an expression of his hope that the next term would find all those present determined to follow up the study of the science, Dr. Sullivan, amid loud applause, bade farewell to his pupils, to meet again, he trusted, on the 1st of October next.—*Nation.*

A number of the ladies of Ireland whose presence often graced the Viceregal Court during the period that the office of Lord Lieutenant was held by the Earl of Carlisle, have resolved to present to his lordship a testimonial of their high regard and esteem for his dignified courtesy and attention while presiding in Dublin Castle. The object selected is a "record case" of the most beautiful and elaborate workmanship. It is made of Irish yew, carved in imitation of the celebrated ornamental pattern of the twelfth century, the nattes resembling the interlaced withes of matting. The case is bound around with silver, gorgeously chased, and engraven in compartments after patterns copied from the "Book of Kells" and other highly illustrated works of the kind. The hinges representing the head of an animal, a favored type of the time, are carefully imitated from the ancient shrine of St. Molosh; and the clasp of the lock, opening and shutting like the modern trunk, is a gem in the way of ornamentation, both as regards the chasing and engraving. On its inner surface are engraven the names of the lady donors.

Dr. Kirwan, city coroner, held an inquest on the body of an old man, 80 years of age, named Thomas Keegan, who was found dead in his bed, with a silk handkerchief twisted round his neck, at the house in which he resided, 50 Meath street. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased had been laboring for some time past under severe mental depression, occasioned by pecuniary difficulties. He went to bed on Thursday night as usual, and on Friday morning suspicions were excited by his not getting up at the usual hour, and by no answers being given to several knocks at his bedroom door, which was at length forced open, when he was found in a sitting posture in his bed, quite dead. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide by strangling himself while under the influence of temporary insanity.—*Freeman.*

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, who is to preach at the consecration of Ballinasloe Church to the service of the Most High, on the 25th August, will arrive in Dublin from London, on the 23d, and proceed direct to Ballinasloe on that day. The directors of the Midland Great Western Railway Company have made arrangements for affording every facility to be present at the august ceremonial on the day above mentioned. We understand that his Eminence has acceded to the request of Sir John Brastreet, Bart., President, and the council of Ireland of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, to deliver a public lecture for the Society in Dublin on his return from Ballinasloe.

The letter-press printers of Dublin are about following the excellent example of their brethren in London, and establishing a Library and Reading-rooms. Indeed, there can be no reasonable doubt of their success, if, like the London compositors, those amongst them who have spare volumes, will as generously contribute to so desirable an object. The compositors of this city are an intellectual and respectable class of men, and we feel assured their exertions will be fully appreciated and countenanced by those lovers of literature who have had ere now to avail themselves of the vocation of the printers of Dublin.—*Evening Post.*

The fire which broke out in Mr. Dargan's extensive factory at Chapelizod, was not subdued until a large portion of the factory was burnt and the machinery destroyed. It is gratifying to know that the premises were fully insured. Upwards of eight hundred persons were thrown out of employment by the sad event; but the delay will be of temporary duration, as the enterprising proprietor will lose no time in repairing the damage.

A young gentleman named Norman Reid, who had been staying during the summer season at Skerries, was accidentally drowned while bathing. The body was recovered, and H. Davis, county coroner, held an inquest, when the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

We are gratified to have to state that Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy is all but re-established in health, and that £500 have already been collected by the noble-hearted voluntary exiles in support of the Gweedore fund.

Dr. John B. Callan, late of Stephen's green, Dublin, brother-in-law of Mr. C. G. Duffy, has been appointed colonial surgeon at Geelong, Victoria. The appointment, we believe, is a lucrative one.

A general meeting of the Irish Tenant League was held on Tuesday, 17th ult., at the Council Room, Beresford place, "to consider the present position and prospects of the tenant cause."

Galway.

Agreeable to a requisition most numerously signed, directed to Francis O'Flaherty, Esq., Chairman of the Ballinasloe Town Improvement Commissioners, a most respectable and influential meeting of the Catholic gentry, mercantile traders, and other inhabitants of Ballinasloe and its vicinity, was held at O'Grady's Long Room, for the purpose of considering the best means of testifying their respect and regard to that illustrious Prince of the Church, Cardinal Wiseman, on his approaching visit to this town. Long before the hour announced for holding the meeting the streets became densely thronged, and every available part of the room was occupied before the interesting proceedings of the day commenced.

Kilkenny.

Captain Thompson has been sent down twice to our city by the police authorities, to report on the recent riots, in order that the government might be in possession of the true state of affairs, instead of depending on the exaggerated reports of Orange newspapers. On Sunday it was rumored that two men had been shot at Bennetsbridge, but it turned out, of course, to be unfounded. It was expected that our city would have been a scene of strife on that day, also, and upwards of 600 of the military, consisting of the 3d Light Dragoons and the 14th Regiment, occupied our barracks to repress any tumult that might arise; but fortunately there was no occasion whatever for their interference, and the day passed off peaceably. The streets were cleared at an early hour on Sunday evening, not by the military, but by torrents of rain! On Monday a report was current through town that a mob of 1,200 reapers assembled in the streets of Callan, determined on plundering the shops, and threatening destruction to property of every kind. A troop of Dragoons under Captain Dymond, and about forty infantry under Captain Barnes, were at once despatched to the scene, and arrived there about ten o'clock, and there was no riot whatever in that peaceable locality. A number of laborers had collected in the streets of the town, and resolved not to accept less than 2s. a day; but, according to our information, there was not the least necessity for a single policeman, much less a troop of dragoons. The cavalry returned on Monday evening, but the infantry are still stationed in Callan, as a matter of prudence, billeted on the good people of that quiet, gossiping town. On Monday a reaping machine, belonging to Mr. Shirley of Stonyford, was escorted through the city by Sub-Inspector Winslow and a detachment of police. There was some shouting, and no violence, as it passed through the streets; and the party proceeded quietly on their way without any molestation. On Monday, also, Mr. Vallance, of Grange House, who was defendant in the case of the reapers, at the petty sessions court on Friday, was groaned and hooted as he passed through the streets, but no violence was attempted. Parties of police are distributed throughout the county protecting machines wherever they were at work. There is a force at Mr. Howison's, at Eden Hall, Mr. Shirley's, and several other places; but as far as riots are concerned, there are none whatever to report, and the county is as peaceable as ever it was. On Monday the remainder of the 14th Regiment arrived here from Waterford to the number of 236 men, under the command of the following officers: Major Dwyer, Captain Dodds, Ensigns Lindsay, Lawrence, Butler, and Surgeon Cart; so that we have at present a force of between six and seven hundred men occupying our barrack for the repression of any further violence that may be attempted in the county.—*Journal.*

The Kilkenny *Moderator* reports that the blight is as prevalent in the neighborhood of Tramore for the past month, as to taint the atmosphere everywhere adjoining potato fields. Very little of the disease appears in the county Kilkenny. In well cultivated light lands the crop is excellent. In some fields we visited in the county Kildare, although apparently suffering from atmospheric influences, the potatoes were sound, and had no appearance of taint.

Limerick.

The Rev. James Enright, P.P., of Ballingarry, has published a letter in the Limerick papers on the decay in his parish of the species of proselytism known as Souperism. Appended to the Rev. gentleman's letter are the following declarations of the last of the perverts: Solemn declaration of Honora M'Eniry and family. "I, Honora M'Eniry and family, of the Commons of Knockfierna, and parish of Granagh, in the county of Limerick, do now declare that we return of our own free will to the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, from which we were tempted to separate in times of great distress. I also solemnly declare that during the time of my unhappy apostacy from the Catholic Church I never for a moment doubted the truthfulness of its teachings, and that the hope of support from the Rev. Mr. Gubbins solely induced me to abandon the creed in which I was born. Both myself and my children now ask pardon of the Almighty for the scandal we have given, and earnestly hope that this congregation will pray for us." The above document was signed by the parties whose names were thereto affixed, Rev. Mr. Enright having first read it to them. "Granagh Chapel, Sunday, Aug. 8th, 1858. I, Margaret Regan, of Knockfierna, in the parish of Granagh and county of Limerick, do publicly regret having separated myself from the communion of the Catholic Church, to which I now gladly return. I was tempted in days of great distress to adandon the creed in which I was born. The hope of support from the Rev. Mr. Gubbins for myself and starving children induced me for a time to play false with my conscience. I humbly pray the Almighty to pardon the scandal which I have given, and earnestly hope that this congregation will pray for me. Witnesses—Patrick Hedderman, farmer, Kilmore; James Sheehy, farmer, Balinlina; Michael Holohan, farmer, Kilmore." The foregoing document was also read for the party previous to her signature being affixed.

A private soldier of the 3d Buffs, now stationed at Boherbuoy barracks, received fifty lashes in the presence of the depot of his regiment, which was drawn up so as to form a square in front of the triangles. At a few minutes to seven o'olock the fifes and drums marched through the barracks playing a rather brisk but somewhat melancholy air, after which the prisoner was marched from the guard-room under a corporal's guard to the place of punishment. The finding and sentence of the court martial, and its affirmance by supreme military authority, being read to him, he was stripped to the waist and secured to the triangle, when two drummers delivered twenty-five lashes each. The unhappy fellow bore the punishment without wincing; no blood was drawn, but the shoulders and back were deeply marked by dark blue and red lines. When released, his back was dressed with the usual remedy applied on all such occasions, and he was then removed to the hospital. He has also to undergo, in addition to the punishment which he has received, 112 days' imprisonment with hard labor. The offence for which this soldier was punished, was for attempting to stab his corporal.

An entertainment was given by William Smith O'Brien, Esq., at his residence, Cahermoyle, to the children attending the schools upon his estates in that district. Nearly 100 male and female pupils, with their teachers, attended, and the delighted group enjoyed the refreshments plentifully supplied, after which dancing commenced, the members of Mr. O'Brien's family taking part. Mirth and happiness beamed on the countenances of the juvenile party, comprising the sons and daughters of the tenants of their good and excellent landlord.—*Chronicle.*

Meath.

A meeting of the friends of the Dublin and Meath railway was held in Trim, pursuant to advertisement. It was fair day in the town, and thus a larger attendance than ordinary might be expected, and, when the proceedings commenced, there was really a considerable number of persons in the Town Hall. Amongst others we saw Samuel Winter, Esq., J. P., Mr. Fitzpatrick, one of the London directors; Mr. Smith of London, one of the solicitors to the bill; Rev. Mr. O'Connell, V. F., Trim; Rev. Mr. Reynolds, P. P., Kildalkey; Wm. Ford, Esq., senior and junior; Messrs. William Ryan, Francis Fulham, Edward Hughes, Tottenham Alley, J. P.; Richard Drake, Odlum, J. P.; Patrick Kennedy, Harnaway, Dunne, Hopkins, J. P., Malone, Carleton, Lightbourne, Conwell, &c.

Monaghan.

On Friday, the 13th August, the court-house of Carrickmacross presented a scene of excitement rarely witnessed in that quiet locality, and excited an interest rather unusual there. However, the circumstance of Colonel Lewis and John Byrne *again* coming before the public sufficiently accounted for the fact, and amply repaid the audience for its attendance. On the bench were Thomas Johnson, of Longfield, Esq., J.P.; and Plunket Kenny, of Moyles, Esq., J.P. The solicitors were—Mr. Swanzey for the gallant (!) Colonel, and M'Gibson was concerned for poor, persecuted Byrne; and the charge against him was that on the morning of the 8th inst., four cows, two heifers, and a goat, the property of Byrne, were found trespassing on a part of the lands from which he was lately evicted. The Colonel's staff, to sustain his case, were two brothers, named John and Edward Clendenning, assisted by a worthy named Roundtree, and the Colonel's schoolmaster, and every one of whom swore to finding the cattle on the sanctified farm at the "dead and stilly" hour of two o'clock in the morning of the 8th inst.; and Byrne's defence was that the cattle were taken by Roundtree off his present farm, which was taken for him for his cattle, and which is situated in the county Armagh, and intentionally put on the waste farm with the undoubted desire of fining him for trespass. The swearing on each side was diametrically opposite, Byrne distinctly maintaining that at or about the hour stated he heard cows passing from the direction of his present farm past his door, and upon going from his bed in pursuit he recognized the two Clendennings and Roundtree, each armed with a gun and having cattle on the waste farm, from which he was recently evicted; and upon his asking who had removed his cows, that trespass was demanded. Byrne also stated that he had on the same morning called at the Police station and communicated the fact to the men. The magistrates stated that so contradictory swearing they had never heard; but that upon due consideration they came to the conclusion of dismissing the case, a decision which appeared to have at least justice on its side. The Colonel has summoned a good many others from the same locality, but the cases were of no public interest. Byrne's trial lasted for upwards of two hours.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

Queen's County.

Joseph Lyons, J. P., lodged informations before Captain Whelan, R. M., to the effect that he believed and feared that an attack would be made on him at his farm, Moyanna, near Stradbally, where he had a reaping machine at work. Twelve police with bed and bedding were immediately despatched to Moyanna. Mr. Lyons's fears were that the machine would be smashed before the constabulary would arrive. He will work the machine under the protection of thirty policemen.—*Leinster Express.*

Roscommon.

The Roscommon races came off on Tuesday and Wednesday, 10th and 11th August, over the Lenabane course, and more than sustained the expectations previously formed of its entire success. The weather was all that could have been wished. Whether we regard the numbers who attended, or the profusion of rank, fashion, and beauty that graced the course, Lenabane could well have matched with any race meeting of the current season. The close running of the horses in almost every heat was remarkable, while not a single accident of account occurred to mar the recollection of the sport. Nothing could have been more picturesque than the appearance the several vehicles presented, with their fair occupants, glittering in all the colors of the rainbow, arranged and suited with infinite taste, while the "green expanse abroad" was dotted at convenient intervals by pic-nicers in hundreds who, albeit less ostentatiously carried to the grounds, contributed a full share of the pleasure and spirit of the scene. To wind up all, the conduct of the peasantry, of whom there could not have been less than 20,000 present on the first day, was peaceable and orderly in the extreme. —*Messenger.*

We have had splendid weather for the last fortnight, and the harvest has been much served thereby. The wheat will be fit for cutting generally in a few days; some fields are already in stooks. We regret to find that the leaves of the potato are withered in many places, but the root is sound, and likely to remain so, the only apprehension being that the growth is stopped when any symptoms of disease appeared. Contrary to any expectation, the oat crop has turnout well. Hay bears a full average return.—*Ibid.*

A proclamation was issued at the Privy Council, held at Dublin Castle, to the effect that from the 20th of August, the peace preservation (Ireland) act 1856, shall apply to, and be in force for, the parish of Moore and the

townlands of Culliaghbeg, Cloonaghbrack, Coolderry and Gortnagsharavogue, in the parish of Creagh, all in the barony of Moycarnon and county of Roscommon.—*Western Star.*

Wool is selling at Roscommon at from 20s. 3d. a stone for ewe to 21s. for hogget. Potatoes sell from 2s. 8d. to 3s. a cwt.

Sligo.

Lord Palmerston's visit to Sligo has not given occasion to any public demonstration, either among his tenantry or the inhabitants of the town. The Town and Harbor Commissioners of Sligo held a special meeting for the purpose of considering the propriety of presenting an address to his lordship. While the committee retired to prepare the address a message was despatched to ascertain whether his lordship was willing to receive the address, and at what time he could conveniently do so. His lordship consented to receive the address, and fixed four o'clock as the hour for the commissioners to wait upon him. At that hour the commissioners were received by his lordship at his rent office, when Mr. Tute read an address.

The Sligo *Independent* contains the following announcement: "We are enabled to state, from an authority that is perfectly reliable, that Lord Palmerston is about to retire from public life. He has agreed to do so on the urgent entreaty of Lady Palmerston; and a growing defect in his lordship's power of hearing has also had a share in inducing him to bring his long public career to a close. The noble lord, when he shall bid adieu to the excitement of parliamentary life, intends, with Lady Palmerston, to take up his residence at Clifony, near this town; and instructions have been given, and we believe arrangements are now being made, to erect a suitable mansion there for their reception."

Tipperary.

The neighborhood of the Main street, Clonmel, was thrown into the utmost confusion by the riotous conduct of the reapers who were congregated in large numbers on the street, waiting to be hired by the farmers. The day being wet, there were very few of them employed, and the weather having become more favorable in the evening, a greater demand for laborers necessarily followed, and the men demanded a higher rate of wages than the employers were inclined to offer; in consequence the farmers were set upon and assaulted in a violent manner, and had to run for their lives. One gentleman, Mr. John Mulcahy, was knocked down and trampled upon, and only for the assistance rendered to him, the most serious consequences would most likely have resulted. The police, who patrolled the town up to a late hour, under the orders of Alderman Kenny, J. P., (in the absence of the Mayor,) had returned to their barracks previous to the riot. We regret to add that a similar scene was enacted on the ensuing morning, and the reapers had the town to themselves, but did not commit any other violence than assaulting some farmers who declined to agree to their terms.

Preparations on a most extensive scale continue to be made for the county meeting, in the case of the Cormacks. There have been meetings of the committee, and the accounts from all parts of the county state that the meeting will be one of the largest that has been held for many years in Tipperary. Among those who have signed the requisition is his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and Emly.—*Limerick Reporter.*

A commutation was received from Dublin Castle, commuting the sentence of death passed on John Delany, at last assizes, for the murder of his wife, to penal servitude for life. The unfortunate man showed a most penitent spirit from the time of his arrest, the day after the occurrence, and since his conviction he attended closely to his religious duties.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

Wexford.

Several landed proprietors in the county of Wexford have tendered their land free to make a railway from Wicklow to Enniscorthy. Mr. Dargan has offered to accept their liberal offer, and to construct their railway (called the Northern line), without a guarantee. What is the county Waterford doing?—*Waterford News.*

THE O'DONNELL OF SPAIN.

[*From the Nation.*]

Many of the exiled families of Catholic Ireland have taken a prominent part in the world's business for some centuries past—the Sarsfields, Tyrconnells, O'Reillys, and Nugents, have long written their achievements on the roll of fame. But among those who have become Continentalized for the last three or two hundred years, but few have arisen to positions of such altitude and power as the time-honored race of O'Donnel. Since the sixteenth century European history, indeed, has abounded with Irish names more or less distinguished. Alike in the Universities and Studios of Italy, France, Belgium, and Spain, they are found ranking with the most erudite scholars and most famous artists. In the political and military annals of those countries, as well as those of Austria and Russia, they have also an honorable place. But it is in war chiefly that the Celtic exile has gained the most illustrious repute; not as a mercenary, but an ally, who, inspired by religion and patriotism, has ever appeared in the van of such powers as stood embattled against the oppressor of his creed and country. It is strange, but true, that wherever the Celtic soldier has been distinguished, his sword has been turned against England, either in direct conflict with her forces, or fighting against her interests, south and east. One Irishman wins Fontenoy, and clears the French territory of the armies of England and Holland, who would otherwise have occupied the northern seaboard, upon which Cherbourg now stands. Another conquers the Crimea; and henceforth Russia has an advanced post, from which her command of the Mediterranean and her march on India, however long delayed, is certain, and but a question of time. Looking across the Atlantic, we see the antagonism of the Irish exile perpetuated, and Celtic voices growing yearly more influential, threatening tyrannic Britain from the vast Continent whose commercial supremacy will yet constitute the main cause of her decline. The uneradicable principle of races is evidenced everywhere in opposition; and wherever Saxondom extends there also the Celtic element appears to dispute the mastery.

Chief among the Continental celebrities of the present day as a statesman and soldier stands O'Donnel. The Count de Lucena is Prime Minister of Spain once more; but under this title he in reality exercises an authority as kingly and unquestioned as Louis Napoleon. Royalty, in the person of Isabella, has long been little else than a shadow; her throne has been placed in constant peril from the shocks of faction, and her crown only preserved under the protection of the military chiefs who of late years have risen to power through the smoke of Revolution. For the second time throne and constitution have been saved by O'Donnel; and the so-called Progressionist party, which was plotting the destruction of both, overthrown. No doubt the Marshal is an ambitious man; but he is the only man suited to the condition of Spain in the present day, which bears a strong similarity to that of France in the early years of Louis XVIth's reign. For years the Monarchy has been placed at hazard by the rise of new factions; and since 1845, when the Navarez Ministry were thrown out, the Government has represented little more than the triumph of a series of conspiracies. For the last thirteen years Spain has experienced a greater number of Ministerial changes than all the Constitutional countries of Europe collectively. Those of Navarez, of Pacheco, of Navarez again, of Count Colonard (which lasted, like some others, but a single day), of Bravo Murillo, Lersundi, Sartorius, of Cordova (well known as the "grapeshot Ministry"), of Espartero, and many others, too long to enumerate, perished after a short term of office, by combinations among the opposition, and after an ephemeral representation of some theory of progression, or principle of reaction which they were numerically incapable of sustaining. The parties who have composed the Spanish Cortes are numerous, but may be broadly classified under two intelligible heads—the Conservative, of which O'Donnel is the leader; and the Progressive, of which Espartero, some years past, and Isturitz lately, was the head. This latter party, sectional in political views, are actuated by a similar aim. They are the revolutionary, deistical, impractical segment of the nation. The most moderate would enlarge the representation to such an extent as utterly to destroy the balance of the throne and clear the way for the establishment of Republicanism. The more advanced are identical with the Left in the Belgian Chamber—a mixture of Radicalism, Girondism, and even more violent elements. England is the ideal of the Progressistas: to Anglicise Spain is their object; and in realizing this project they would gradually devote to destruction all the institutions, religious and political, whose peculiar adaption to Spanish nature and character has been proved by the trial of centuries. As for the more advanced, there is little doubt but that, were they in power to-morrow, they would confiscate the Church property, organize the Red press, and involve the entire peninsula in confusion and bloodshed to realize their political chimeras. The truest, but by no means the most violent representative of the Progressista section, was Espartero, who, in 1840, was made Regent by the voice of the army. But, though he had the military power of the country at his back, he was unable to repress the agitation excited by his party through the provinces—insurrections occurred in Pampeluna, Andalusia, and Catalonia, and his government perished from the reaction of its principles. The tendency of the General's *politique* may be easily estimated by the reception he met with in England in '54, when O'Donnel seized the reins of power. Never did any exile, not even excepting Kossuth, receive such an ovation from the ministering spirits of Exeter Hall as the minister who, in virtue of his love for the British Constitution had protected the hordes of Bible Propagandists that, during his *regime*, swarmed throughout Spain.

In the present critical situation it is evident that Spain can only be preserved from anarchy by a powerful Military Government such as that of O'Donnel. There is no choice left but between a despotism and a chaos. The Madrid of 1858 is, in many respects, identical with Paris in 1789. In both we see a weak Sovereign surrounded by a turbulent populace, always ready for *emeute*, and directed by a number of factions for the most part actuated by political ideas incapable of reduction in the present state of the country, whose financial condition is in the last extremity of disorder. Happily for the Queen, O'Donnel comprehends his position, and his solid experience, prescient genius, and immense resolution of character, which he has so often displayed during his active and triumphant career, must always accord his Government an universal response from the common sense of the country. Though terrible to the Ultras, his name inspires confidence among the more rational of the Liberal leaders, who have just addressed him a manifesto in which they offer their allegiance and support to his Government, as the only one capable of mastering the difficulties of the crisis. O'Donnel is, indeed, a Dictator, whose present Sovereignty in the peninsula is as virtual as that of the most absolute Monarch in Europe. He has arrested the country while it drifted into insurrection, and established order. If it is not likely that Constitutional Liberty will expand its dimensions under his *regime*, it will result simply from the fact that Spain is in that transition state which requires the control of a vigorous arm. He has at least arrested Ruin, if he will not establish Liberty, and just now there are only two Governments possible—that of which the cannon and that of which the scaffold is the emblem.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Conversion.—On Sunday, 15th Aug., Thomas Curtin, a young man in the employment of Mr. Thomas Cantwell, T.C., was received into the bosom of the "one true faith," by the Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V.G., in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul. The convert expressed himself in strong terms of the happiness he felt in having embraced the doctrines of the Catholic Church.—*Tipperary Examiner.*

The Very Rev. Vincent O'Carroll, O.S.D., Limerick, commenced his ministry by receiving into the Church and baptizing a Mahommedan. He also preached his first sermon on the occasion, taking his text from the 4th chapter of St. John—"Lazarus came forth." The new-ordained priest was assisted throughout the beautiful and deeply suggestive ceremonial by his brother, the Very Rev. William O'Carroll, the Prior of the Limerick Convent, and by the Rev. Mr. Darrack, P.P., St. Michael's.—*Ibid.*

Right Rev. Dr. Goold.—The Cunard steamer Cambria arrived at Southampton on the 14th of August, having on board the Right Rev. Dr. Goold, Lord Bishop of Melbourne, and the Rev. C. B. Quinn. His Lordship is expected in Dublin, whence he proceeds to Rome.

In the course of a circular addressed to his clergy by the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert, his Lordship says: "The solemn consecration of the Church of St. Michael the Archangel, at Ballinasloe, is fixed for Wednesday, the 25th August, and the consecration sermon will be preached by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The diocese being so favored by his Eminence, I confidently rely on the priests and people coming to Ballinasloe to show him the marked respect to which his exalted station in the Church, his great services to our holy religion, and his universally admitted learning and eloquence justly entitle him. The rare honor of a Cardinal Prince of the Roman Church coming to visit and assist us will, no doubt, be gratefully appreciated by us all."

We learn from the *Univers* that the general assembly of the Catholic associations of Germany will take place at Cologne on the 8th of September and following days. For several years the Prussian government refused to permit the associations to assemble in Prussia, and last year the meeting was held at Saltzburg—Austrian territory. Lately, however, better counsels have prevailed, and the meeting will be held in the Catholic city of the Lower Rhine.

His Grace Archbishop Cullen administered the sacrament of confirmation to about four hundred children in the Catholic Church of Haggardstown, nearly forty of whom were in the workhouse. The children were examined by his Grace in their knowledge of the Christian Doctrine, and their replies and explanation of the several points upon which they were questioned showed how well their instruction was attended to.

We take the following from the *Union*: "A report (which, if true, we are not astonished at) has reached us that the Rev. R. Campbell, late curate to the Right Rev. Bishop Suther, at St. Andrew's Chapel, Aberdeen, and since assistant to the Rev. Gilbert Rorison, St. Peter's Church, Peterhead, has been received into the Catholic Communion."

On Friday, August 13th, at the Convent of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith, Miss Warren, only daughter of the late Captain Warren, of the Royal Artillery, and granddaughter of William Stockley, Esq., of Woolwich, received the habit of religion at the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

A sermon was preached in the Cathedral of Killarney by the Rev. Father Cooke, of the Oblates of Mary, in aid of a fund in process of collection for completing the chapel of the Convent of Mercy in that town. The collection amounted to £50.

The Right Rev. Dr. M'Evily, Lord Bishop of Galway, has returned, in excellent health and spirits, after a short tour on the Continent. His lordship was accompanied by the Very Rev. Dr. Roche, V.G.—*Galway Mercury.*

The Very Rev. Dr. Barry, of All-Hallows, has been delivering a series of spiritual lectures to the members of the Killarney Young Men's Society, which are highly spoken of by all who have heard them.—*Limerick Reporter.*

We regret deeply to have to announce the death of the Rev. William Wade, O. P., a most estimable clergyman, who was until a recent period attached to the Dominican community in the city of Cork.

A new Catholic chapel is in course of erection at Weston-super-Mare. It is founded by Mr. Ruscombe Poole, who is a connection by marriage with the family of Lord Clifford.

The Rev. M. Flood, for many years parish priest of Baslick, died at Galway, on the 8th of August, rather suddenly. This venerated pastor had reached his 68th year.

The consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe, took place on Sunday, the 5th of September.

Domestic.

St. Michael's Catholic Church, Baltimore.—This great building, one of the largest ecclesiastical edifices in the United Ssates, now in course of erection on the northeast corner of Pratt and Wolf streets, under the superintendence of the architects, Messrs. Long & Powell, begins to develope its beautiful proportions, and it is supposed by the contractors will be ready for consecration on next Christmas Day. The frescoing of the interior is now doing by three German lay brothers, who have recently arrived in this country. On the sides of the nave all the Apostles will be represented, whilst one of the sections of the ceiling of the nave will contain thirty figures. These specimens of painting are the real fresco, such as may be seen in a few of the committee rooms of the new Capitol building. The paintings of the grained arches will also show the real fresco work, and will greatly adorn the interior.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

Bishop Lynch.—A few days since the Bishop of Charleston reached Baltimore, on his return from Cincinnati, having under his protection six Ursuline Nuns, who are to be located in his diocese, at Columbia, the capitol of South Carolina. During their brief stay amongst us, the Ursulines were hospitably entertained by the Carmelite Nuns, in their Convent. On Monday, the whole party took passage for Charleston. We are glad to add that they were all in the enjoyment of excellent health.—*Ibid.*

Religious Reception.—On Tuesday morning, 31st ult., in the chapel of St. Francis de Sales, at Mount de Sales, Miss Emily Welsh, of Baltimore, (Sister Mary Aimee,) and Miss Elizabeth Harman, of Baltimore, (Sister Mary Clare,) were received to the white veil. The Very Rev. H. B. Coskery preached and performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Giustiniani.—*Ibid.*

The Jubilee is now fairly commenced in this diocese, and both the clergy and the faithful at large have entered into it with the proper spirit, which is the surest earnest of a happy result.—*Ibid.*

Covington Cathedral.—Charles F. Hone, late a student of Emmettsburgh Seminar, received the Tonsure, Minor Orders and Subdeaconship on Friday, 28th August, Deaconship on Saturday, and Priesthood on Sunday, 29th, at the High Mass, at the hands of Rt. Rev. George A. Carrell, Bishop of Covington.

Diocese of Louisville, Ky.—A new church is about to be built in Bowling Green, a flourishing town in the south of Kentucky. The congregation consists chiefly of Germans and Irish. The lot was kindly presented for the purpose by Euclid Covington, Esq.

New Albany Indiana.—The Catholic Germans of this town have built a new church (St. Mary's) for their own use. It is now almost complete, and will shortly be dedicated.

California.—On Sunday, July 18th, Archbishop Alemany dedicated the new church in St. Louis. Another church is building in Grass Valley, and will soon be completed.

At the Ursuline Convent, Melrose, on Monday, 30th ult., four young ladies took the black veil, and one the white veil. The Rev. Father Starrs, Vicar General of the diocess, officiated in the absence of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes. After the ceremony, Father Starrs delivered an impressive address to the congregation. One of the young ladies who took the black veil was the daughter of Mr. Henry Zimmer, of Bushwick, L. I.

Madam Gallwey and a colony of fourteen Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St. Louis, have gone to Chicago to establish a house of that far famed Order in that city. Madam Tucker, the present Superioress at St. Charles, will take Madam Gallwey's place, and Madam Bauddeaux goes to St. Charles.

The corner stone of the new Catholic church at Fairfax station, Va., on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, will be laid by the Right Rev. John McGill, Bishop of Richmond, on Sunday, the 12th of September.

The Catholics of Madisonville, Hamilton Co., Ohio, have commenced the erection of a Catholic church forty-five by twenty-five, and sixteen feet high.

The Rev. Stephen Ward is about to undertake the building of a new Catholic church in the village of Morrisania, N. Y.

The "Ottawa" correspondent of the Montreal *Herald* has been guilty of gross, but we hope unintentional, injustice towards Mgr. Charbonnell, in representing that Prelate as having interfered at the late Toronto election in behalf of Mr. Cameron. This insinuation is, we can assure the *Herald* and its correspondent, not only untrue, but utterly without the shadow of a foundation. In the first place, the Bishop of Toronto was in Montreal, and in Retreat, during the whole term of the election; and in the second place, we have the best reasons for asserting that, neither directly nor indirectly, did Mgr. Charbonnell exert himself either for, or against, either of the contending parties. We hope that the *Herald* will have the fairness to correct the errors of his "Ottawa" correspondent.—*Montreal True Witness.*

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FRANCE.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—During the fetes at Cherbourg, recently, the streets were patrolled by an itinerant dentist, who, to add his contribution, as he said, to the *rejouissances* of the "filial fetes," given by this "noble and generous city," pulled out teeth in public, in a cabriolet, with a drummer on the roof, to give one roll as a prelude to the horrid wrench, and another one after it. He operated in pairs, and the seat of his carriage was never long without two customers. In the interval there was more drumming, and a speech over the splashboard as from a tribune.

HARD ON A FAT MAN.—A corpulent gentleman had been so crowded in travelling, that when about to journey from Macon, France, in a diligence (stage), he sent the hotel boy to pay for *two* seats in advance. When the vehicle called for him, he found himself booked for two seats as had been directed, but one of the reserved seats was on the inside and the other on the outside.

The dramatic entertainments at Cherbourg were provided by the Railway Company, at what is called the Theatre of the Gare (station). On the first night a numerous audience assembled to witness the performance of the well-known and popular *charge*, *Un Monsieur et une Dame*, to be followed by a ballet by the little Danish dancers from the *Pre Catalan*, and by a pantomime by the renowned Debureau. On the lifting of the curtain, the scenery had not arrived, and the orchestra was absent on duty. So the piece, which should be played at a room at an inn, was played in a forest, the only decoration available. Ready wit and dramatic skill saved the situation, when, according to the action of the piece, they ought to look out of a window. There was no window to look out of, and the nearest approach they could make to it was to look behind a tree. The music not arriving, the ballet had to be postponed to another night. The evening terminated with a collection for the poor of Cherbourg.

A fatal accident occurred on the occasion of the fetes. A train left Caen for Cherbourg filled with passengers, but on arriving at the next station, a large crowd of persons who were in waiting attempted to force their way into the carriages, but were prevented. When the train resumed its route, several of the persons who were anxious to get on made a dash at the carriages, and in so doing knocked down several others. Two females were rolled on to the line beneath the carriages; one escaped unhurt, but the other had her head severed from her body.

The effects of tobacco are shown in the fact that in the Polytechnic school in Paris, not only in the examination on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in the year their average rank had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably.

Rabelais, the celebrated French dramatic writer, when lying on his deathbed, and observing a number of his friends weeping around him, said: "Thank heaven, if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

A new detachment of 500 convicts has just been sent from Brest to Guiana. There now only remain 1,000 convicts in the *bagne* of that place, and it is believed that they will be all sent away before the end of the year.

George Sand (Madame) Dudevant is expected at Paris shortly. She brings with her, it is said, a drama founded on the history of Rome, and which is intended, not for the Odeon, but for the Theatre Francais.

Signor Rossini is said to find himself so well at Paris as to have determined on giving up Bologna, and establishing himself for the rest of his days at Passy, where he is about to erect a mansion.

Madame Benoit Fould, on the occasion of the death of her husband, has given the munificent sum of 10,000f. to the poor of the second arrondissement of Paris without any distinction on the ground of religious tenets.

Pierre Leroux has started a socialist publication at Jersey, called the *Revue Socialiste*, in which he proposes to advocate the doctrines of St Simon.

More than 100,000 medals are to be struck at the mint to commemorate the pilgrimage of the Emperor and Empress of the French to the chapel of St. Anne, at Auray.

M. Henri de Pene, the victim of the military duel, is about to start for Nauheim near Frankfort, which has a high reputation for the cure of wounds.

The French Government has just purchased for the Louvre Gallery three first-rate Murillos, the aggregate price being 100,000f.

ENGLAND.

NOVEL READING.—A whole family, brought to destitution in England, has had all its misfortunes clearly traced by the authorities, to an ungovernable passion for novel reading, entertained by the wife and mother. This led her to utterly neglect her husband, herself, and her eight children. One daughter, in despair, fled from the parental home, and threw herself into the haunts of vice. Another was found by the police chained by the legs, to prevent her from following her sister's example. The house exhibited the most offensive appearance of filth and indigence. In the midst of this pollution, privation, and poverty, the cause of it sat reading the latest "sensation work" of the season, and refused to allow herself to be disturbed in her entertainment.

THE GRANDSON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.—The London correspondent of the *Evangelist*, in giving an account of a three days' revival meeting at the town of Barnett, says: "Among those present and who spoke was the Rev. Mr. Arnold, who took an active part. You will be interested with the fact, that he is grandson of Arnold, the American traitor, and the only male heir who survives him. He has a sister married, and they inherit a large tract of land in Canada from their grandfather.

THE DANGER OF PLAYING AT HANGING.—At Liverpool, a boy, aged fifteen, the son of a Jewish rabbi, named Growall, was playing with some companions, and, with the object of imitating an execution, fastened one end of a cord upon a nail, and the other round his neck. His companions thought he was only in play, but to their horror the jest had been turned into a fatal reality, and the boy was actually hanging. He died before he could be liberated.—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE CONFESSIONAL—At a clerical meeting at Newmarket, presided over by the Bishop of Ely, one of the clergymen present declared his conviction that the prevalence of immorality in the rural districts was to be ascribed to the neglect into which the "blessed" practice of the confessional had fallen. The Bishop rather abruptly ordered his carriage, and the meeting terminated.

SWIMMING ACROSS THE MERSEY.—Three young gentlemen swam across the Mersey from New Brighton to the North Dock wall, a distance of a mile and a half (the tide being low at the time), in thirty-six minutes. One of the gentlemen had performed the same feat on a previous occasion. They were followed by a boat across the river.

AUGMENTATION OF ROYAL ENGINEERS.—5,000 men are to be added to the corps of Royal Engineers, so as to enable that number to be always stationed at home, where they would be constantly employed in all kinds of engineering works, fortifications, and everything connected with that branch of warfare.

We (*Union*) hear of three petitions having been presented to the English House of Commons for the suppression of confession and absolution in the Church of England. The last two have been foom Bradford and Reading, similarly worded to that of the Chelsea mob-gathering, which we have already mentioned. It is a singular coincidence that all three have been signed in behalf of the meeting by the chairman. Why is this? Were the meetings not considered influential enough, or not containing names of sufficient weight; or did those attending feel ashamed to attach their signatures to the petitions? Perhaps the chairman at each of the meetings was a person of such importance that one name, and that his, was considered powerful enough to expunge a Sacrament from the Church.

Mr. Skyrme, the sub-editor and reporter of the Exeter *Gazette*, was engaged in writing a report, and had retired for a few moments to his bedroom. He had not been there long when he called to his friend, who on going into the room saw that blood was issuing from Mr. Skyrme's mouth. He exclaimed, "I am dying," fell into his friend's arms, and immediately expired.—*Western Times.*

A singular Reaping match has just taken place on the estate of Richard Coxen, near Hanworth, Middlesex, between Anne Simmons, a laboring woman, and Joseph Goddard, haybinder, of that parish, for five pounds. The woman won by six rods, having half an hour to spare. The extent of corn reaped was—by the man sixty-two rods, by the woman sixty-eight.

During the last twelve months, upwards of 300,000 individuals have availed themselves of the City News Rooms, Cheapside, London, where the daily, weekly, provincial, and foreign papers are taken in.

SCOTLAND.

"STRONG-MINDED WOMEN."—At a recent meeting of the Scottish Episcopal Synod at Aberdeen, the Bishop said: "Before proceeding, I have to remark that I see persons here who have not my authority for being present. I positively refused to give my sanction to ladies being present, and, until the ladies withdraw, I shall not proceed with the business. (There were some half-dozen ladies in the front seat of the south gallery.) If the ladies have any delicacy they will not remain without permission from me; and I hope any gentleman who may have influence with them, will exert their influence to get them to accede to my request. (After a pause, and no stir among the the ladies, the Bishop continued.) If the ladies are determined, I am equally determined, and I will adjourn the Synod to another place." (A pause of some minutes ensued, yet no sign of the ladies retiring.) The Bishop then said: "The Synod is adjourned till the ladies retire—for half an hour." The Bishop then retired, but the ladies of the gallery sat still for several minutes. Ultimately, after a good deal of consultative whispering, and having had the benefit of the counsels of a rev. brother who ascended to the gallery, they retired.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A fearful railway accident occurred at Gartsherrie, in consequence of a large excursion train for Stirling, containing about 1,100 Sabbath scholars and teachers, running into a mineral train at a crossing. The engine was pitched off the line, and about sixty persons were injured, twenty so severely that they were unable to proceed to Stirling.

AN EEL BOAT.—A Greenock organ describes a singularly constructed vessel now building in Dumbarton for Mr. Curtis, of London, agent for the eel trade there. It is intended for floating on the Leven, and for preserving the eels alive till they are dispatched to the London market. Its length is twenty-five feet by eight feet in breadth, and a space is allotted at one end for a small erection, fitted up with a bed and other conveniences for the use of the men who have charge of it. This nondescript boat is made with a flat bottom, and is some three or four feet in depth, and it is divided into a number of compartments by partitions placed across from one side to the other. The sides of the boat are pierced with holes to allow the water free ingress, and the eels are placed in the compartments, of which it is found more suitable to have a variety.

The Glasgow journals, in an extra edition, publish the following: "The Marquis of Queensberry was suddenly deprived of life by a most unfortunate accident. He and his gamekeeper were out shooting in Dumfrieshire, and after firing one barrel he proceeded to reload, when the gun went off and shot the Marquis through the head, when instant death followed."

Immense numbers of mackerel and perch were caught lately at Lossiemouth, &c. The former were sold in Elgin market at one penny each, and the other—a rarity—at from 2d. to 3d. each.

M. Guizot is staying with Lord Aberdeen at Haddo House, his lordship's fine Scottish seat, round which lie the family estates.

SPAIN.

The journals publish a telegraphic despatch from Gijon, which announces that the Queen and King had safely arrived in that place. The municipal and other authorities, and the principal inhabitants of the town, went on foot to receive the Queen at the gates, and as her Majesty passed along the streets to the residence prepared for her, ladies showered down flowers from the balconies, and the people shouted with enthusiasm. The *Epoca* says that the Minister of Finance is preparing several important reforms, and among them one on the tariffs; also that the Minister of Public Works is preparing a new Rural Code.

The following is one of the incidents of the royal journey: "A grey-headed old peasant placed himself in the middle of the road, declaring that he would not stir until he had seen the Prince of the Asturias. The Queen, noting the old man's determination, ordered the carriage to be stopped, and the old man's wishes to be satisfied. 'I am eighty-three years of age, madam,' said he, 'and now that my old eyes have seen the young Prince, I have no other wish ungratified.' The Queen burst into tears, while a young girl stepped forward, from out of the group of peasant children, and offered some modest presents to the royal children."

It is believed that diplomatic negotiations between Spain and Mexico for the settlement of their long-pending suit will very shortly commence.

A cable is proposed from Malta to Canada, whence lines will diverge respectively to Constantinople and Alexandria.

The ordium has not appeared in such of the vineyards of Granada and other provinces as suffered from it last year.

Yellow fever has broken out at Ferrel, a military post of Spain.

ITALY.

TO TEST THE SOUNDNESS OF TIMBER.—A simple method has been adopted in the shipyards of Venice, from time immemorial, for testing the soundness of timber. A person applies his ear to the middle of one of the ends of the timber, while another strikes upon the opposite end. If the wood is sound and of good quality, the blow is very distinctly heard, however long the beam may be. If the wood was disaggregated by decay or otherwise, the sound would be for the most part destroyed.

SICILIAN WINES.—We have received advices from Sicily, says the Malta *Times*, and regret to learn that the favorable prospects of an abundant vintage which existed a few weeks back have been completely destroyed by the tremendous sirocco winds which visited Sicily at the beginning of July. Consequently, we may not for the present expect any decrease in the price of Marsala and other wines from that island.

A GOOD LAW.—The ancient Romans had a law, kept inviolate, that no man should make a public feast except that he had sent food to all the poor in his neighborhood.

A letter from Milan, in the *Indipendente* of Turin, states that Gen. Giulay, who was shortly to be invested with the supreme military command of Lombardy and Venice, has just been wounded by a bullet at the manœuvres of the camp of Somma. Another letter goes the length of saying that the general has died of his wound. It is not stated whether the occurrence is attributable to accident or crime.

The *Indipendente* of Turin contradicts the rumor of the probability of a reconciliation between the King of Naples and the Western Powers.

GERMANY.

SHIRKING THE WATER CURE.—At the water cure establishment at Graefenber, Germany, a story is told of an American who came there for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge baths. Priessnitz pointed to the cistern and bade him enter it. "Never!" he thundered; and marching up stairs, he dressed himself, and went straight back to America. Another man, in the same situation, is said to have fallen on his knees before Priessnitz, exclaiming, "Oh, sir, remember that I have a wife and children!"

The Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has placed a laurel crown of gold on the tomb of M'me Sontag, who lies buried by her sister Nina's side, in the chapel of the convent at Marienthal, a village near Dresden. The crown bears this inscription: "To the best of wives and of mothers, the most faithful of friends, the most beautiful and amiable of women, the greatest of songstresses: This crown is dedicated by George, Grand Duke of Mecklinburg-Strelitz.

PRUSSIA.

AUDACIOUS ROBBERY ON A RAILWAY.—A robbery of unusual audacity has been committed on the railway from Berlin to Breslaw. When the express train from the latter place stopped at one of the intermediate stations, an individual, wearing the uniform of a post office inspector, entered the mail carriage, and told the clerks there that he had been charged to inspect the service, and accordingly, during his journey to Berlin, he occupied himself with looking through the different bags. He put aside letters which appeared to contain money or securities, and saying that they were irregular and in contravention to the post office regulations, placed them in a separate bag. On his reaching Berlin he took this bag with him in a hackney coach, saying that he should convey it to the post office, and told the clerks to meet him there at a certain hour. The clerks were punctual to the appointment, but, on inquiry, could hear nothing either of the pretended inspector or of the letters. The value of the latter is estimated by some at 18,000 thalers, and by others at 100,000. The telegraph was set to work in all directions, and the thief was arrested at Koethen.

HUMBOLDT PROPHECYING HIS DEATH.—A letter, written by this venerable traveller, was lately read in one of the Prussian law courts. It excited some sensation from its containing the declaration that "My death will take place in 1859, and that it would be better to postpone a certain publicaton of his works till then."

Despatches from the French Ambassador at Berlin allude to the state of things in Prussia not presenting altogether a satisfactory aspect, and state that fears are entertained lest the King's illness should lead to certain complications.

RUSSIA.

The first volume of a Russian translation of Shakespeare, by M. Ketcher, has just appeared at St. Petersburg. It contains Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, and Antony and Cleopatra. The translation is said to be faithful, but not very poetic. The second volume of a History of Russia, in French, by M. Solovieff, has appeared at St. Petersburg. It brings the history down to the reign of Boris Godounoff and the Pretender Demetrius. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Nord* praises it as a conscientious, impartial and dignified work.

Accounts from the Capital state that the Russian Government has the intention of shortening the term of its military service, and of holding out inducements for men who are not serfs to enter the army. Hitherto the latter has been recruited almost exclusively from the peasant class serfs, and the length of the service often led the more wealthy serfs to sacrifice their property rather than become soldiers.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the cholera has again broken out with great violence in that capital. The deaths are not very numerous, but they frequently come on with great rapidity. There were then 81 cases under treatment.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.—The sandstone rocks of Adersback, in Bohemia, have been visited by persons from all parts of the globe, on account of their grotesque and fantastic forms. Ten years ago another defile of sandstone rock was discovered near Wecklesdorf. To this is now to be added the discovery of a grand layer of petrified trees. It stretches to the extent of two and a half miles in breadth, and there is one point where 20,000 or 30,000 stems of petrified wood may be seen at one glance. All the museums in the world could be supplied from them with splendid specimens. They appertain all to the family of Conifers Araucarias.

It is announced that the six expatriated Swedish women, exiled for abjuring the Lutheran religion to embrace Catholicism, have been, or are about to be, amnestied by the King. The persecuting Protestantism of Sweden is not entitled to the smallest credit for this tardy concession to humanity. No man may profit by his own wrong, and there would be no room for mercy in the case but for the previous unjust cruelty. Let the Swedes repeal the persecuting laws to which they cling so closely, and they will be admitted to the benefit of all extenuating circumstances. — *Dublin Tablet.*

The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* denies the truth of the statement made by many German papers that Austria intends to collect an army of observation on the frontiers of Dalmatia. "The battalions which are stationed on that frontier would completely suffice," says that journal, "to defend the Austrian territory against all the elements of disorder, even if more serious conflicts took place in Bosnia."

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Whale in the Chesapeke. — A gentleman of undoubted respectability, well known to the citizens of Baltimore, has furnished the *American* of that city with the following statement. We believe a similar event was never before known. He says: "The great event of the day is the arrival and capture of a whale in North River. It was seen just opposite Major Taliaferro's house, and many persons soon collected and tried to kill it, but it was too dangerous to venture near to, and it was a long time before they succeded in killing it. Its mouth, when open, measured thirteen feet from the under to the upper part. A small boat, such as they had, might have sailed in. The tongue was as large as a common door, and as soft to the foot as a feather bed. The animal measured forty-three feet nine inches in length, twenty-seven in circumference, nine feet through, and the tail fin ten feet wide. Over two thousand persons went to see it, but it soon became so offensive that it had to be cut up and buried. They tried to save the oil, but not understanding the process had to abandon it. After shooting it from a boat repeatedly and wounding it, Dr. Phil. Taliaferro went out in the water up to his throat, and pierced it with a Toledo sword until it was powerless and could be dragged ashore."

Well Punished.—Not long ago in a neighboring city, as a butcher stood at his stall selling meat, he saw a man stoop down and pick something up. "What have you got there?" asked the butcher. The fellow said—"It looks like money." On examination it proved to be a ten dollar bill. "I suppose," said the butcher, "it is one I dropped when making change a little while ago." To which the finder replied—"I think I ought to have one-half; for, had it not been for me, you would not have seen it again." The butcher knowing it was not his bill thought he couldn't do less than comply with the fellow's request; he, therefore, took a five dollar bill out of his pocket book, and gave it to him, taking the ten himself. Soon afterwards the butcher was purchasing some goods in a store, and offered the bill in payment to the storekeeper, who pronounced it to be a counterfeit. The butcher was surprised, and not over well pleased; but, on considering, thought the best thing he could do would be to stow the ten dollars away in a safe place, and say nothing about the way in which he had overreached himself.

Rockland Lake, N. Y.—Though covering only three or four hundred acres, this is in many respects a most interesting sheet of water. The highest source of the Hackensack River, and more than 100 feet above tide-level, it is separated from the Hudson by a ridge scarcely half a mile in breadth, and in places not quite 50 feet above the Lake's surface. On two sides mountains, clothed with verdure to their summit, shoot up their rugged peaks for several hundred feet; elsewhere the country ascends from the gentle swellings on its western bank to the granite range which separates Rockland from Orange County. The waters are deep and transparent; while in places its margin is fringed with beds of modest lilies. The eastern shore is almost a continuous village or range of ice houses; to the northward the fine mansion of Hon. Moses B. Leonard occupies a graceful knoll. The pretty picture is set off by orchards, fields of waving grain, and dark green woods stretching away in the background.

A New Book, Written by an Indian.—Mr. Joseph N. Bourossa, one of the chiefs of the Pottowatomie Indians, has recently finished writing a history of his nation, which he purposes publishing this fall. This book will contain some three or four hundred pages, embracing several biographical sketches of the departed chiefs and braves of the nation. It will also contain a small vocabulary of the Pottowatomie language—a *fac simile* of a relic of the nation, written in the Hebrew language, and also the plate or tree of their religion, which their traditions say was transmitted to them at the time Christ was on earth, and gave the Testament to the world. The book will be neatly bound and beautifully illustrated with engravings, portraits, &c. This book will certainly be one of the most interesting Indian historical publications ever issued by the American press. Mr. Bourossa has labored for years in its compilation.—*Kansas Journal of Commerce.*

True.—Every day we live, says an exchange, we are more than ever convinced that nine-tenths of the misfortunes which attend humanity are self-inflicted. People jump off railway cars while in motion, go bathing in deep water when they cannot swim, imbibe spirituous liquors and meet with accidents, expose themselves regardless of prudence, and suffer all manner of most evil consequences, which a little forethought would in most cases have averted. People know very well that a violation of the common law involves a penalty and yet utterly ignore the fact that nature is still more inexorable than the legislature, and visits with corresponding punishments every transgression of her laws.

Effect of not Taking the Papers.—The Rockville *Republican* tells of a man living near Stafford who had actually never heard of the Atlantic Telegraph. Hearing the bells all ringing in Stafford, he saddled up and rode to town post haste to see what was the matter, and when informed that the cable was laid, he wanted to know *what* cable, and said he had never heard of the thing, and couldn't understand it.—*Hartford Times.*

Cyrus Field for Governor of New York.—It is a singular peculiarity of the American people to wish to reward with office those who have acquired popularity by any species of service, political, scientific or military. If an individual only connects his name with an enterprise that proves successful, he is forthwith made the nominee of a party who desires to borrow his reputation and influence to advance their ends. Why Mr. Cyrus Field should have his name brought forward as a candidate for Governor of New York, we can discover no rational reason. If his education has been scientific and the results of his practical labors have been marked by general utility, there would be equal propriety in the promotion of any of the electricians to public office. Why not nominate Mr. Morse for the Presidency of the Union?—*Charleston Evening News.*

To Dye Black.—"Kentucky Housewife" sends us the following which she says has saved her several dollars: "Dissolve 1 lb. extract of logwood in 5 gallons of soft water, boiling it for a few minutes in an iron vessel, and add a tablespoonful of copperas. Dissolve 1 oz. blue vitriol in 5 gallons of soft water. Scald the materials to be colored, first in the vitriol water, then boil them for two hours in the logwood, stirring often. To set the color, wash in a strong lather of home-made soap and dip in salt water. Sweet skimmed milk is also good to set the color. To give a luster to old silk, or that just colored as above, strain some cold coffee, and add a little gum arabic, into which, when dissolved, dip the silk; wring out and iron on the wrong side.—*American Agriculturist.*

One Bad Effect of the Ocean Telegraph.—One deplorable effect of the submarine telegraph to England will be, that in placing us in more direct intercourse with that country, we shall naturally imbibe more of the shams and flunkyism of royalty. This is apparent already. The minds of the people will become more familiarized with the hypocrisy of kingcraft, and begin, we fear, to look upon such an unnatural state of society with something like respect. The Democratic sentiment will thus be demeralized, and the Republican simplicity of our ancestors corrupted. No careful observer of our system can doubt this, and familiarization with crowned heads will tend still more to flatter the vanity of our upstart gentry, and lead them to ignore the simplicity of our sturdy ancestors.

Cause for Praise.—From the whole surface of the ocean there arise, every twelve hours, no less than thirty millions of millions of cubic feet of water, which is more than sufficient to supply all the rivers on the earth. This immense body of water is formed into clouds, and carried over every part of the continents, and again it is condensed into rain, snow, or dews which water and fertilize the earth. Should this process cease, we might wash our clothes, but centuries could not dry them; for evaporation alone produces this effect; vegetation would wither; the rivers would swell the ocean; the operations of nature would cease. So close is the connection between this process and vegetable and animal life.

To Keep Flies from Ceilings.—Hang in the room several sprigs of asparagus foliage, which can be gathered in a few weeks after cutting for the table is over. These, neatly arranged in festoons around the room, are rather ornamental than otherwise, and the flies will always collect upon them in preference to the walls or ceilings. Any kind of shrubbery, or slips of paper, will answer a similar purpose. A little trouble of this kind will keep the plaster or wall-paper looking neatly; and if a room be not otherwise soiled by exposure to smoke or dust, at least one half of the annual or semi-annual whitewashings may be saved.

Changed His Mind.—A man stopping at a hotel in Millbury, Mass., left the house in the evening with the declaration that he would not be seen alive again. Not returning, search was made for him in the ponds and woods, but without avail, till a farmer in the outskirts of the town, while visiting his barn to feed his cattle, suddenly discovered the lost man, safely ensconced in a hay mow, with plentiful rations of good bread and cheese, of which he was partaking of with a zest which indicated anything rather than an intention to "shuffle off this mortal coil."

Electoral Vote in 1860. — Before the next Presidential election, three new States, additional to those voting in 1856, will have been admitted, viz.: Minnesota, already in the Unoin, with Kansas and Oregon to come in yet. In 1856 the whole number of electoral votes was 296; with the above mentioned new States, the whole number in 1860 will be 306. Of this number 154 will be required for a majority. And of the 306 electoral votes 120 will belong to the slave States, and 186 to the free States. The majority of the north over the south is thus shown to be 60.

The Crops in New Hampshire.—The Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror* says that the state of the crops of that State are beyond contingencies, and are good enough to gratify the farmer. Hay crop good; oats well filled out; rye looks well; wheat untouched by rust or weevil; potatoes never looked better; fruit crop light; berries plenty; corn looks splendid, but depends upon the weather to come.

Bogus Gold Dollars.—Look out for a well gotten up gold dollar, of the "bogus kind," the result of the labors of an ingenious crew of rascally counterfeiters in Massachusetts. Nothing but strong acid will show the deceit.

Child Killed with Hartshorn.—In Georgetown, Kentucky, a few days since, a little son of the Hon. Alvin Duvall met his death in a very singular manner. His father and mother being away from home, a little negro girl got a vial of hartshorn and was playfully holding it to the noses of the children. In putting it to the nose of the little boy while he lay upon his back, she spilled the fluid into his mouth and nose. The result was death in thirty hours, the child suffering intense pain.

A Train Stopped by Grasshoppers.—A freight train on the Newburgh Branch Road was stopped by grasshoppers lately. Large numbers of grasshoppers had alighted upon the track, literally covering the rail. The train passed over a great number of them, which made the track so slippery that the wheels turned round without going forward. Sand was procured and poured upon the rail, when the train resumed its accustomed motion, and proceeded without further delay.

The Egg Crop.—A Buffalo paper makes a curious estimate, to the effect that there are 103,600,000 laying fowls in the country, of which 50,000,000 lay each an egg a day throughout the year. This would give the annual crop of 18,250,000,000 eggs, and these at eight cents a dozen would be worth $121,666 666. We do not know what basis these statistics are founded on, but if they are true, the value of our eggs greatly exceeds that of all the cotton, tobacco, rice, hemp, &c., of the country. Our hens are our greatest institution.

No Rain for Ninety Days.—The farmers of Clover Hill, Chesterfield, Va., deplore sadly the lack of rain in that section, where not a shower, ot two minutes' duration, has fallen for ninety days. Within a radius of five miles of Clover Hill every cornfield is completely burnt up, many having been scorched by the raging sun of June when scarcely one-third of growth. To some ten or twelve farmers in the locality the crop has consequently proven a dead loss. —*Petersburg Express.*

How to Stop Blood.—Take the fine dust of tea or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather, and bind it close upon the wound, and blood will soon cease to flow. These articles are at all times accessible, and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would probably make no better prescription, if present.—*Lancet.*

Curious.—At a place called "College Corner," lives a man in a house, half of which is in Indiana and half in Ohio. Of the Ohio's half, part is in Butler and part in Preble County. Thus the man lives in two States and three counties.

Perry's Victory.—The people of Northern Ohio are making extensive preparations to celebrate Perry's victory on Lake Erie. The anniversary is the 10th of September. The celebration takes place at Put-in-Bay, near Sandusky.

We really wish that American editors would moderate their raptures on the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. Their effusions on the occasion are pitched on too high a key of enthusiastic triumph. The event of the discovery of America, if reserved for our age, could scarcely admit of more sublimated rhetoric than has been expended on this side of the Atlantic. We ask a pause in these raptures until the effects are more fully developed. That the millennium is not at hand is certain from bringing countries widely separated into rapid communication, for the passions and prejudices of men are as eternal as the races themselves. The commercial results may not reach the anticipated benefits. At all events let us wait for some, at least, of the practical consequences before we become so ecstatic as to make disappointment a rather uncomfortable reaction.—*Charleston Evening News.*

A Virginia correspondent says: "The remains of the old church in which General Washington was baptized are almost entirely hid to the passer-by with trees and undergrowth. A few venerable looking oaks are probably the only living cotemporaries of its erection. About this old church lie the remains of the Hon. Thomas Lee, and other great men of an earlier period. Nothing but broken bricks and old mortar, heaped indiscriminately on all, are their monuments. I have now one of the flags that paved the aisle turned into a grindstone, purchased at an obscure sale some years since. Tradition says the floor was torn up as soon as it was abandoned by the parson by the neighboring people, and used for various purposes.

There is a house in Westminster, Vt., says the *Phœnix*, whose gambrel roof testifies that it has "come down to us from a former generation," in which, though there has been no scarcity of births, a female has never been born. Four generations have occupied it. One generation consisted of nine boys, and to atone for the lack of girls there, the next neighbor had seven daughters. We understand that the present occupant of the boy-producing house, who has recently had his family increased by a son, is debating the question whether he hadn't better move into the next house for a year or two. The experiment is worth trying.

A gang of low men and women located themselves on an Island near St. Louis, and behaved so badly that the inhabitants took them in charge. The men were tarred and feathered, then tied to the women, when all were placed on board a ferry-boat, and floated down the River.

The veiled murderess, Mrs. Robinson of Troy, gives the keepers of Sing Sing a deal of trouble. Lately she has become so troublesome that the officers are forced to confine her to her room a great portion of the time. For an hour or two each day, while the other convicts are engaged in the shops, she is left at liberty in the prison yard. Her universal employment there is to hunt over the grass-plot for "four-leaved clover." Four-leaved clover is an ingredient in her imaginary cauldron, over which she mutters incantations scarcely less weird and wild than that of the "sisters three." Mad or not mad, she is a puzzle and torment to those whose misfortune it is to have her in their charge.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

There is such a thing as carrying religion to an extreme. The following is a ludicrous case in point: "A lady residing in the city, who, by the way, was one of the strictest of the evangelical church members, chanced to go into the country, on a visi to her brother, who was also a deacon. On the first Sunday of her visit, a son of her brother's came running into the house with a couple of eggs, he had just found in the hen's nest. 'See, aunt,' he exclaimed, 'what our hens have laid to-day.' 'What!' exclaimed the lady, lifting up her eyes in horror, 'is it possible that your father, a pious man and a deacon, allows his hens to lay on Sunday.'"

Altered bills of the denomination of $10, purporting to be on the State Bank of Providence, R. I., altered from Farmers' Bank of Wickford, R. I., are in circulation in that State. The altered bills have an engraving of men gathering corn, horse, colt, wagon and dog in the centre; a shield, on which there is an anchor, on the left lower corner; on either side a female figure, and on lower right corner a portrait of a female. The alteration is unusually well done.

The Stamford, Ct., *Advocate* reports that as Moses Nichols was fishing out on the Sound, he was much surprised to observe a woodchuck swimming towards his boat, and apparently begging to be taken on board, whereupon Mr. Nichols seized him by the nape of the neck and placed him in the bottom of the boat. The danger of drowning had overcome the animal's fear of man, and he was as docile as a kitten.

A toy balloon which was sent up in Portland, Me., on the evening of the 13th of August, was found the next morning in Windham, Greene County, N. Y., having travelled a distance of 300 miles. The person who picked up the balloon intended to have it again inflated and started off for further travel.

A letter in the Abingdon (Va) *Democrat* says that in that region cattle buyers are offering some four to five dollars less for cattle now than they were six weeks ago, and the result is, that many who did not sell early have declined to sell, and have turned their cattle to the mountain range.

Young ladies who rejoice in a multiplicity of rings, chains, lockets, &c., &c., to the extent now fashionable, should bear in mind that these nicely galvanized articles cost four dollars a dozen in New York.

A pet deer in St. Louis entered his owner's sleeping apartment and devoured $17 in bills which were lying loose on a lounge in the room. Rather expensive fodder.

The Inspectors of the County Jail in Providence have secured the discharge of a colored convict 100 years old, by paying off a debt of $5 70, for which he was committed last fall.

A mechanic of Troy has invented a machine which can draw half a dozen plows at a time and travel over rough and hilly ground at the rate of four miles an hour.

Somebody says: He who marries for beauty only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

We notice the announcement of the marriage of one of the daughters of the late Prof. Webster, of Parkman notoriety.

It costs our government $10,000 yearly to carry the mail matter franked by the Mormon congressional delegate.

There was a shock of an earthquake, in Holderness, N.H., recently, which shook the houses considerably in that vicinity.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

Ex-Gov. McRae, of Mississippi, is nominated for Congress, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Gen. Quitman.

The Hon. Rufus Choate's physicians insist on temporary abstinence from all labor as essential to his restoration to health.

Mrs. Catherine Gardiner died recently, in Burlington County, N. J., at the age of 102 years.

The New York city tax for 1858 is $8,471,031, or nearly one hundred dollars per head for every voter in the city.

The expenditures of the three State Prisons of New York last year were $30,000 more than their receipts.

William Means, a slave, recently bought himself at auction, in Memphis, Tenn.

Empty vessels make the greatest sound; empty heads ditto.

Boston has decreased in population 2,870 within the past year.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

A servant girl at Louisville was relieved of lock-jaw by the application of chlo

NEW YORK TABLET.

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THE TABLET FOR THE NEW YEAR!

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We offer the following inducements to persons wishing to subscribe:

To any person remitting $2 50 in advance, we will send a splendid Steel Engraving of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, same size as the TABLET, and convenient either for framing or binding with the volume.

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*** All Letters and Communications should be addressed, "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. C. H., Erie, Pa.—Money received, paper sent as directed.

B. HENRY, London, C. W.—Money received.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 11, 1858.

A new story will be commenced in the TABLET of the 18th September, entitled:

IDLENESS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE LESSON.

It is from the French of Madame NOILLEZ, author of the *Orphan of Moscow*, and will be translated into English by Mrs. J. SADLIER.

Agents and Newsdealers should send in their orders immediately, so as to enable us to fill them.

THE PROTESTANT PROSELYTIZING SYSTEM.

ALL stratagems are resorted to and all means employed by the various and innumerable sects into which Protestantism is split up, to tear Catholics from their faith. These soul-trappers sometimes appear in the shape of pious philanthropists whose humanitarian exertions are directed towards the perversion of youth. They have schools and "Homes" and Western colonization societies and other institutions into which they endeavor to decoy such children of Catholic parents as misery or orphanage or parental carelessness may have rendered a prey which there is some hope of their being able to entrap. When those children are at the most tender age—before they have arrived at the period of reason—they appeal to them by exciting their acquisitiveness—by gifts of books or pictures every time they present themselves at the Sunday school or at the church. When they are older they seduce them into their Children's Aid societies, send them out West, and take good care that all Catholic influence shall be kept away from them. We have in our possession written proofs of the refusal of the agents of such societies to allow the young persons under their care to enter into the service of Catholic families.

Next come those who may be considered as the irregulars or guerillas of the great proselytizing army. They are mostly females—the Amazons of perversion. They are generally rich, have lackeys and carriages with fabricated coats of arms on the panel. They usually spend the afternoon—when they are not too fatigued, after the dissipation of a ball on the preceding night, to get up before four o'clock in the afternoon, or when there is no opera *matinee* or fashionable afternoon concert—in visiting families whose destitution may be turned into a terrible weapon for the perdition of their souls. Not that these rouged and scented emissaries of Protestantism ever put their dainty and Paris-gaitered feet inside the abode of misery; their splendid equipage is removed from the door of wretchedness by the full width of the sidewalk. Not that they ever take the trouble of discovering their victims; they have their scouts, who are charged with the work of finding out the game and driving it into the snare; so that when these proselytizing Dianas arrive, the struggle between apostacy and starvation has ended, and they have nothing to do but to loll back on their luxurious cushions and bag the game. Then day after day the brilliant carriage and the pawing horses are stopped before the door, and the ladies dispense food and clothing until the poor hunted creature maddened by the dread of seeing his wife or his children die of starvation before his eyes, in a moment of desperation, for which he weeps tears of blood to his dying day, lets an assent be stolen from him to the demands that he should abjure the faith of his fathers. This result once arrived at, the gifts cease—charity is exhausted, and the jackals of Proselytism go to seek new game for their lions. The issue is sufficient for their purpose, which is merely to count one more on the perfumed tablets whereon the rich proselytizer inscribes the number of her "converts" as she does that of her visitors on New Year's Day.

Those who are too poor to have soul-trackers in their pay—who cannot afford to have carriages wherein to whirl to misery's dwelling, try tactics of another description. They endeavor to starve poor servants into a verbal denial of their faith by making Catholic domestics the objects of the most rigorous proscription. Their weapon is an advertisement to which is appended the proscriptive sentence: "No Catholic need apply."

Another branch of the service is composed of those who receive Catholic domestics into their families, for the purpose of having a continual facility for persecuting them, for preventing them from attending to the duties of their religion, for endeavoring to starve them into eating meat on Fridays and fast days, by leaving them only the alternative of breaking the commandments of the Church, or slaving through the incessant toil of a day which for them begins before the sun rises, and ends only after the midnight bell has rung. No opportunity is lost of wounding the feelings of the poor creatures whom necessity places in the power of those soulless persecutors, by ridiculing their religion and mocking its ministers, until the poor persecuted drudge is driven to brave starvation by leaving the house of torture before her month has been completed. The fact of not having finished her term is used against her to rob her of the hardly earned product of her slavery.

Incredible as it may appear to any man or woman possessed of even the remnant of a heart, there are many families in New York who are vile enough to obtain their domestic help gratis the year round by having recourse to these odious practices. When such things occur in New York, where Catholics and foreigners are so numerous, what agencies must be employed in the strongholds of Puritanism?

We have at this moment in our desk documents which give evidence of the unceasing persecution to which Catholics are daily subjected. In many places—and we could name more than one—the mere fact of an applicant being a Catholic is sufficient to ostracise him or her, however capable they may be to fill the office they demand.

The end is worthy of the means, and the result is worthy both of the end and of the means. What the myrmidons of proselytism, regular and irregular, effect by persecution and proscription, by subterfuge and misrepresentation, is shown by the glorious and ever increasing progress of the Holy Catholic faith in the United States. They may obtain here and there some poor, weak-minded creature, who, to chase the vulture of starvation from preying on those he loves, sells himself for a season to these ignoble traffickers in souls. But even such are few, and throughout the entire extent of the Confederation they may be easily counted. And they, too, hasten to beg that they may again be admitted into the faith they have denied, and to prostrate themselves in self-loathing penitence before the altar they had momentarily forsaken.

THE STATEN ISLAND INCENDIARIES.

ON the night of Wednesday, the 1st instant, while the people of New York were still engaged in celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable, a band of incendiaries, who had evidently long before arranged the details of their nefarious plot, set fire to the Quarantine hospitals on Staten Island. The poor suffering patients groaning in yellow fever and small pox were thus unhoused, and left to die in the cold night air, which in America is so noxious even to those who are in the most robust health. The chances of their death or rather murder were enhanced by the effect that a fright of an alarm of fire must have had upon the poor sick creatures. The people of Staten Island, and of our own island of Manhattan, were wantonly exposed to the infection of the terrible scourge of yellow fever by the reckless and heartless rioters.

Not satisfied with what had been accomplished on Wednesday, the incendiaries again plied their torches on the following night. Though this second attack was evidently preconcerted—though the mass of the people of this city and of Staten Island expected that the atrocious work would on that night be consummated, the officers of the law remained supine, and the mob of hospital burners were allowed to complete their designs without the slightest molestation. But when the mischief was done, when the property of the State was a mass of smoking ruins, a hundred policemen, armed to the teeth, were sent to protect the charred rooftrees and blackened walls that once sheltered the fevered emigrant.

But the lawless acts of the inhuman mob did not stop even here. Efforts were made to fire private buildings in the vicinity of the hospitals, and the pouring rain on Friday night alone prevented an incendiary from making a house where two helpless women lived a prey to the flames. A reporter for the daily press who, in the performance of his duty, had given to the paper with which he was connected a faithful account of the lawless proceedings of the mob, was assaulted and insulted. Tardy arrests of the ringleaders were at length made, but so great is the confidence of the incendiary chiefs in the impotency of the law and the protection of politicians, that they laugh derisively at the proceedings instituted against them.

Some of our daily cotemporaries have endeavored to palliate the criminal deeds of the Staten Island rioters. It is certainly a grievance for the inhabitants of a locality to have a lazar-house in their midst, but it was they that sought the lazar-house and not the lazar-house that sought them. The ground on which the Quarantine buildings lately stood was sold to the State by the father of one of the principal rioters for the express purpose of erecting a Quarantine establishment. When the father had pocketed a goodly price for his property, we find the son heading a band of rioters to destroy the State property built on the ground, the proceeds of the sale of which he now enjoys. To the establishment of the Quarantine on that portion of Staten Island, the village in its neighborhood owes its existence and its development. The presence of foreign shipping there was a rich and constant source of prosperity to the inhabitants of the place. If such precedents be permitted any property owner may sell his ground for a actory or other establishment, and having banked the proceeds of the sale, hire a mob to destroy it under the pretext that it is a nuisance, and those very individuals who were induced to locate in the neighborhood of such factory for the purpose of making a living out of its employees, may, when their turn is served, decree the destruction by fire or otherwise, of the building to which they owe their wealth. And others will not be wanting to develope the principle: from the buildings of the State they will proceed to those of private individuals, and jealousy of the success or enterprise of a rival manufactory will incite the enemies of the owner to declare it a nuisance and destroy it accordingly.

The example of San Francisco and New Orleans is bearing fruit. Mob law is fast taking the place of the law of the land which has become almost a dead letter. The impunity with which mobs may give themselves up to the most lawless conduct has emboldened them tenfold. Political favoritism has paralyzed justice. The administration of justice among us is fast becoming a mockery, and our courts of justice mere sinecures for the friends of parties, and mere lounging places for the idle. It is but too probable that the arrested rioters of Staten Island will never be brought to trial, and if they do that by means of legal quibbles and continual postponements they will be saved from punishment. Let us take care that we march not in such rapid strides towards anarchy—that we do not give European nations another proof that the model Republic is not able to govern herself.

THE CABLE CELEBRATION.

THE greatest popular demonstration which ever took place in this city was certainly the celebration of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, on Wednesday week. It was not only remarkable for the immense numbers which came from all parts of the country to witness it, but also for the peace, order, and good humor which reigned among the surging masses of spectators that swayed to and fro in the roadway as well as on the sidewalks of Broadway. There was a freedom from accidents which was peculiarly gratifying, and the crimes of the day were confined to the emptying of pockets by light-figered artists almost exclusively hailing from the great metropolis of our allies in laying the cable.

The procession in the afternoon was in general a repetition of the military parades, which, in this city, it is but necessary to see once, for their composition is ever the same. One new feature, however, was added on this occasion; it was the symbolizing of certain crafts, and were the idea properly carried out it would have produced an admirable effect. But it was taken advantage of by certain persons who see business in everything, and who endeavor to disguise an advertisement of their wares or manufactures under a very transparent veil of patriotism. This attempt to prostitute a great public occasion to paltry private ends, disgusted all persons having either good taste or delicacy.

The crowning portion of the fete was the torchlight procession at night from the Crystal Palace to the now domeless City Hall. The brilliant illuminations and the numberless transparencies, the shade-trees with their various colored Chinese lanterns, looking in the distance as if they were about to break down under multi-colored and luminous fruit, the thousands of torches of the firemen, their engines decked with flowers and flags and ribbons, illuminated with powerful Drummond lights, the fireworks, the music, the cheering of the immense crowd of men, women and children, the sea of anxious faces and myriads of straining eyes which gazed upon the passing column, formed a scene neither pen nor pencil could describe.

Of the presentation ceremony at the Crystal Palace we can only say that it did not differ very much in character from such ceremnies in general. Without detracting from the merits of the orator of the day, it

was to be regretted that the delivery of the oration was not confided to some of our well known and popular speakers, such as Choate or Everett. But the great and enthusiastic portion of the festival was that which took place in the streets, in which the mass were actors. And we repeat it, the greatest praise that can be given to it is to chronicle the orderly manner in which it was conducted.

THE MONTREAL ARTILLERY.

The men of the Montreal Battery of Artillery, under the command of Capt. Stephenson, and the troop of the first regiment of Montreal cavalry which accompanied them, were the observed of all observers during their sojourn in this city. They divided public attention with the admired National Guard of our own city, and it was confessed on all hands that, both in soldier-like bearing and *tenue*, they were unsurpassed by any of our metropolitan companies of citizen soldiers. The stay of our Montreal friends in the city was, we are happy to state, a most pleasant one, and though the grand celebration of Wednesday, by requiring all the attention of the militia regiments to their own duties, prevented them from paying all the official attention they would wish to the strangers, the want was more than made up for by individual courtesies.

On the day of their arrival the Montreal Companies were escorted to the different public institutions, and in the evening to the Academy of Music, where they furnished the opera-goers with a new sensation. On Wednesday, they figured in the grand cortege, and were most heartily cheered as they passed through the immense crowds which lined the streets. Thursday was devoted to rest, to strolling in fatigue dress and seeing the lions. On Friday they bid adieu to the Empire City, and were escorted to the Albany boat by two companies of the National Guard. A great concourse of people was assembled to witness their departure, and the steamboat left her pier amid the cheers of the multitude. Their visit was a remarkable one for more reasons than one, and we hope that it will tend to perpetuate friendly feelings between our people and our neighbors of the British Provinces.

What we don't say and what we say.—The Illinois *State Journal*, published in Springfield, Illinois, has been taking a great deal of trouble to misrepresent us. When that Journal attributes to us statements which we did not make, and opinions which we do not hold, it would be no more than polite to place us in a position to know what it says for us. The *Register* has administered a scathing reproof to the *Journal*, for which we are duly obliged; but to put an end to the question and to render discussions useless henceforth, we beg to inform the *State Journal*, as it does not seem to understand what it reads, that we indorse no man nor no party. We take no interest in the struggles of parties, and eschew politics, except when obliged to take up arms in the defence of the interests of our religion, or of some of the great principles on which our existence as a free Confederation is based.

A Good Time to Form Clubs.—A new and most interesting story will be commenced in our paper of the 18th September. The literary reputation of both the author and translator is more than a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Persons about to get up Clubs should lose no time in forming them.

A person representing himself as our Agent, and signing his name to receipts as Philip Doyle, has been collecting money for the Tablet in South Andover and other towns in Massachusetts. We have no such Agent as Philip Doyle. Our Travelling Agent for Massachusetts is James Doyle. Subscribers will please remember the distinction, and, if they meet with this Philip Doyle, hand him over to a Justice of the Peace.

OUR MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Old Familiar Faces on the Hustings.—Some Light thrown on Canadian Political Affairs.—The "Clear Grit" Leader, Mr. George Brown, and the Governor-General — Steam Communication between Galway and Montreal.—The "Lady Eglinton" in Montreal.—Reception of Captain Bishop by Major Devlin and the Irish Rifle Companies.—A Wexford Merchantman and her Captain.—Mr. Dorion and the Irish.—The Governor on his Travels.—A Splice of Mock Royalty. —Who came to Stare at it.

Montreal, C. E., Sept. 2, 1858.

People here, and in various other parts of the province, are just now in a state of excitement, owing to the unexpected appearance before them on the hustings of certain of their representatives, sent back to their constituents by a shuffling trick on the part of the Governor-General and his present advisers. The history of this transaction is rather curious, and may serve to throw some light on the present state of affairs in Canada. The present ministry—as we must still call them—have kept office during the session just closed, merely on sufferance. They had not, or have not, the confidence of the country, or of any considerable section of it, for they have collectively no one principle of action to excite the sympathies of any party. They are a set of men belonging ostensibly, and ostentatiously, to various parties, embracing within what is called their *cabinet* all shades of political *profession;* few, if any of them, get credit for real adherence to any party. One great principle seems alone to have bound them to each other, and, above all, to *office*—namely, self-interest, that persevering alchymist which turns everything into gold. In vain did John A. M'Donald boast of his alliance, offensive and defensive, with his "dear brothers," the Orangemen of Upper Canada; in vain did Cartier and Loranger and Sicotte sacrifice their convictions (if convictions any of them had), and bow down before the Moloch of Orange ascendancy, lending their utmost aid to have the dark brotherhood made a power in the land; in vain did they spit upon the honest Irish Catholics whom their arts could not dupe, and whose influence, nevertheless, they were made to feel. The country, as a whole, despised their unprincipled meanness, their want of political purpose, and, except the Orangemen of the West, with the place-hunters and place-holders of the country, there are few "so poor to do them reverence." Well, after various neck-or-nothing escapes during the session, after being obliged to give up their pet project, the Orange Incorporation, after coquetting idly and in vain with the rampant bigots of Upper Canada in the matter of separate schools, the skeleton ministry was at last blown to pieces on the seat of Government question. At last they had the grace to resign. The acknowledged leader of the Opposition was sent for in the person of Mr. George Brown, the representative of the powerful western party politically known as the "Clear-Grits." This gentleman, who is undoubtedly one of the ablest men in the present Parliament, has been long unfavorably known to the Catholics of Canada as editor and proprietor of the Toronto *Globe*—a powerful partizan journal—and as leading the van in every attack made on their religion. Still, from certain indications which have appeared at intervals of late, both in the columns of the *Globe* and in Mr. Brown's parliamentary conduct, the impression has got abroad that that gentleman was becoming much less rabid—in fact, quite willing to meet Catholic members half way in the work of conciliation. The great Reform party, whose principles Mr. Brown has all along professed, is evidently undergoing reconstruction from its own fragments, with the new and powerful element of Mr. McGee's statesmanlike abilities, his diplomatic skill, and tenacity of purpose. He is, by all odds, the most popular member in the House of Assembly, and confessedly one of the ablest. He is also known to represent a power which is every year becoming stronger in the land, the Catholics of Irish birth. For all these reasons, Mr. McGee has obtained an influence in the House which has enabled him, without sacrificing one iota of his own principles, to make political friends of those who had been bitter foes. To return, however, to the "Clear-grit" leader of the Opposition, summoned, as I said, to the presence of the Governor-General, for the purpose of receiving the reins of government from the hands of that high functionary. "Form a ministry!" said the representative of royalty, "you have my authority so to do." "I will," quoth the leader of the Opposition, "but you must leave me *carte blanche*." Of course the Governor would and did. To work, accordingly, went George Brown, and made out a list of the names of his future colleagues, comprising, beyond all doubt, several men of weight, influence and ability. The cabinet, thus formed, and presented on paper to the Governor, was received by him with a specious show of approbation, and Mr. Brown, of course, thought all was right. All was not right, however—all was wrong, and very wrong. The sham ministry just ousted were laughing in their sleeves, for they knew the partizan failings of the Governor too well not to know that his sympathies were with them, as the avowed protectors of the Orangemen whom he had some months before officially recognized. They knew that they had the game in their own hands, for, of course, "the new men" had shut themselves out of the house by taking office, until such time as their constituents sent them back with their commissions ratified. So they being absent the way was smooth, and forth come their predecessors in office with a demand that they should, *instanter* and without delay, lay before them a map of their future policy. Of course, this could not be done in a few hours. Even days would not suffice to mark it out in legible characters, and this the dishonest politicians well knew, for the whole session had passed and left the country no wiser as to *their* policy. To be sure, the policy was not forthcoming at so short a notice, whereupon Brother J. A. McDonald, late Attorney-General West, procures a vote of want of confidence from the legislative body. Still the new ministers felt that they *had* the confidence of the people, and Mr. Brown proposed to the Governor to dissolve the house, and leave the matter to the decision of those most concerned. This the Governor positively refused to do, being resolved to have his Orange advisers back again. The result was that the ministry just formed were forced to resign, with the additional loss of their seats, and the tricksters who had always treated the matter as a joke, were, after some further shuffling, reinstated in their several offices. The general impression is, however, that their reign will not extend many weeks into the next session, for the men whom they so shamefully manœuvred out of their seats, are everywhere being returned with large majorities. They will go back to Parliament, after all, with the *prestige* of victory hovering around them, more powerful on their opposition benches than the galvanized placemen who are, in reality, the defeated.

We, in Montreal, are rejoicing as well as you in New York over the establishment of steam communication direct with Ireland. The British and Irish Steam-packet Company have done for us what Mr. Lever has done for you, that is to say, their fine steamer the *Lady Eglington* steamed up the St. Lawrence to Montreal but a few days after the *Prince Albert* reached Halifax. She is a fine boat, and her commander, a certain Captain Bishop, a native of Dublin, is also a fine fellow, and gave much satisfaction to his numerous visitors by his frank sailor-like good-nature and kindly courtesy. The Irish inhabitants of Montreal were especially pleased to see at our wharf a real Irish steamship, bearing on her graceful prow the magic word Galway in conjunction with her euphonious name. To-day she sailed for Quebec *en route* for Ireland. Yesterday evening our two Irish volunteer rifle companies in command of Major Devlin marched with the magnificent band of the Montreal Rifles to the side of the *Lady Eglington*, and the band being conducted to the quarter-deck, serenaded the fair-named steamer and her gallant Captain with the finest of fine music. Major Devlin addressed the assembled crowd on the wharf in his usual happy and appropriate style. He said they were all there as Irishmen to express the pleasure it gave them to see a real Irish steamer at their wharf, the first that had come to the St. Lawrence from any port in Ireland, and destined to keep up a close and rapid communication between them and the distant but never-forgotten land of their birth. They were there to welcome the *Lady Eglinton* and Captain Bishop, hoping that the intercourse thus auspiciously commenced would long prosperously continue. He concluded his brief remarks by calling for three cheers for Captain Cahill and the *Menapia*, a fine merchant vessel from Wexford which lay just beyond the pier, her commander a favorable specimen of an Irish Captain. It is needless to say that the cheers were warmly, enthusiastically given, as well for the *Menapia* of Wexford, as the *Lady Eglinton* of Galway. The quarter-deck of the steamer was crowded with gentlemen, and after a sufficient time was given for the enjoyment of Irish and other music, an address to Captain Bishop was read on the part of the Irish citizens of Montreal by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., M. P. P.* The company afterwards adjourned to the cabin where a good supper was in waiting, and after partaking of the Captain's profuse hospitality, the visitors separated, well pleased with their reception on board the Irish steamer.

This morning (Thursday, Sept. 2d,) Mr. Dorion's opponent, Mr. J. L. Beaudry, has resigned. No wonder, at the close of the polls last night Mr. Dorion was 1,215 ahead. The Irish have gone almost to a man for Mr. Dorion, partly on account of his honorable and consistent character as a public man, partly through dislike of the Governor-General, and also as being the friend and colleague of Mr. McGee.

The Governor passed through here on his way to Quebec a few days since. He held a levee (!) at the City Hall. Most of his visitors were officials, and amongst them there were but two Irish Catholics whose names as they stand on the published list are a disgrace to their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. These gentlemen will be taught a useful lesson some of these days, if I am not mistaken, with regard to this partizan Governor.

* The address, with the Captain's reply, will be found on our twelfth page.

A Lecture on the Cable.—Our talented fellow-citizen, John Mullally, Esq., who was on board the *Niagara* during the three Telegraph expeditions, as the correspondent of a leading daily, and who has been aptly designated by Mr. Field as "the historian of the enterprise," has been invited to deliver a lecture on the "Cable" by some of the most distinguished gentlemen of our city, amongst whom is our venerated Archbishop. Mr. Mullally's lecture will be interesting and instructive, in the highest degree, and we hope he will have more than one opportunity to repeat it. Mr. Mullally has, in press, we are informed, a work on the Expedition, giving a full account of the enterprise from its inception to its issue. The success cannot fail to be a great one.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Persons Getting up Clubs.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages directed to as many different persons, for distribution at Club prices.

☞ Agents and others will oblige us by strictly following the above rules. *We will admit of no deviation from them.*

Wanted—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the Tablet. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all the fast-selling popular works, good honest, industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., *Publishers*,
164 William st., New York.

Notice.—Subscribers should be particular not to pay all who may represent themselves as Travelling Agents for the Tablet. There has been some one representing himself as our Agent in Massachusetts and some other Eastern States, but whose name we cannot learn. Will some oneg ive us his name? The following are our only Travelling Agents at present:

Massachusetts.....James Doyle.
Ohio & Illinois.....John Graham.
Rhode Island & Conn...Charles O'Neill.
New York.....D. O'Sullivan,
Michigan.....Daniel Finn.
Ohio & Indiana.....Michael Falvey.

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Literature.

THE METROPOLITAN. Vol. I. No. 8. September, 1858. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co.

The Metropolitan contains as usual several very interesting original and selected articles on subjects of Catholic and historical interest. Among them we would point out the "Gunpowder Plot," "The Siege and Fall of Rhodes," "Our Convents," No. XIX. "Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy." The remarkable poem, entitled "Redemption," commenced in the last number, is continued in the present. Interesting Reviews of Current Literature, and a monthly record of current events complete the number.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY MAGAZINE. Published monthly by the Newburgh Catholic Library Association. Edited by JOHN ASHHURST, Newburgh, N. Y. September 1858. Vol. 3. No. 1. Terms 50 cents per annum in advance.

The present number of this magazine opens with an article headed "Catholicity and Political Power," in which the writer throws down the gauntlet to an anti-Catholic paper. It also contains an ode on the Atlantic Telegraph by its "Own Reporter." A poetical appeal for Mount Vernon is made by one of the contributors to its pages.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S MAGAZINE. Published with the approbation of the most Rev. Archbishops of Baltimore and Cincinnati. Vol. II. No. 1. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co.

The number before us commences the second volume of this excellent little publication. We congratulate the publishers on the success their enterprise has met with during the past year. It is a consolation to learn that Catholic parents know the value of placing such works in the hands of their children instead of the mephitic productions of the "romantic" press.

ROME, ITS RULER AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.

We would advise no one to make up his judgment on any question without hearing both sides, and as we have seen no work giving the view from the Roman stand-point that is more pleasingly written, we can heartily commend it to the attention of our readers.—*Life Illustrated.*

A ballad entitled "Gentle Words," with piano accompaniment, has been sent us with the author's compliments. It purports to be by Mr. Wm. I. Malone, but we have met the words elsewhere in our reading. The few variations between the version set to music and that we have seen copied in many of our exchanges is not to the advantage of the former.

The *Eastern Argus, Northern Tribune*, and *People's Organ*, of Bath, Me., have joined hands and are now consolidated into the *Eastern Times*, with Messrs. Gilman and Roberts as proprietors and editors. We have had an occasion, heretofore, to speak highly of the *People's Organ*, and we hope the *Eastern Times* will follow in its footsteps. As an evidence of our contemporary's fairness, we see it has copied a late article from the TABLET on "The Incapacity of Cadets," and gave us due credit—a course we would recommend to some of our contemporaries who make use of our articles without doing so.

I'M LEFT ALONE!

I'm left alone! I'm left alone!
And sorrows now betide me,
And drearily the hours have flown
Since thou wert here beside me;
My heart is lone! my heart is lone!
And dark'ning clouds surround it,
Because thy sunny smiles are gone
That late were beaming round it.

I'm left alone! I'm left alone!
Should friendship thus deceive me?
Her sweets I scarce can call my own
Ere those I cherish leave me:
Tho' charming was the wreath of love
She wove for us together,
'Twere better far she never wove
A wreath so soon to wither.

I'm left alone! I'm left alone!
No more are round me ringing
That merry laugh and mellow tone
Of music once too winning—
Yet still each lov'd and well-known sound
Within my bosom lingers,
On soft and sadden'd key attuned
By mem'ry's fairy fingers.

I'm left alone! I'm left alone!
Each morn brings thee before me;
And when the last day-beam has flown
Thy image still hangs o'er me,—
I'm compassed round with happy smiles,
For me they've sadness only,
My heart no alien joy beguiles,
For I, alas! am lonely.

I'm left alone! I'm left alone!
But shall it be for ever?
No—there's a sphere where souls live on
To be dissunder'd never,—
There free for love and love alone,
No sorrows shall betide me,
And Heaven to me shall sweeter be
When thou art there beside me.

M. B. C.

ANNA GERALDINE.

Ye sylvan shades of Mullamore,
My loved of early days,
What magic beauty wreathes it o'er
Your flowery banks and braes?
But, oh! what flower
From bank or bower?
What gem from wave or mine,
Could match in sheen
Your elfin queen?
Fair Anna Geraldine.

There's summer round her steps of light,
And glory in her grace;
'Tis heaven itself, the smile so bright,
That decks her angel face.
So fair supreme
O'er fancy's dream,
Those radiant glories shine,
That love surveys,
With worship-gaze,
Fair Anna Geraldine.

What sunburst memories gild that name,
On Erin's bosom chord;
The deathless Desmond pulse of flame,
The haughty silken lord.
One stainless flood
Of Tuscan blood,
Hath filled that princely line;
Within thine eyes
Its empire lies,
Fair Anna Geraldine.

The star that guides me skyward now,
May set in deepening gloom;
And cypress shade that luckless brow
Which dreamed of myrtle bloom.
Should fate be so,
Let glory go,
Enough in memory's shrine,
While left to me
One smile from thee.
Fair Anna Geraldine.

CATHOLICITY IN DUBUQUE, IOWA.

DUBUQUE, 23d August, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Dear Sir:—The Right Rev. Bishop Smyth, of Dubuque, ordained four priests for his diocese, on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and also a deacon for the diocese of St. Paul. All of the gentlemen who were ordained priests are said to possess a very high order of talents. The ceremony, as on all such occasions, was at once grand, solemn, and interesting, and particularly so on this occasion, because of the presence, in front of the sanctuary, of over one hundred girls, all neatly attired in white dresses and long white veils, who, with some seventy-five boys, received their first Communion at seven o'clock Mass on the same day. The Bishop was assisted in the ceremony of ordination by the venerable Father Donohoe, V.G., Superior of the Convent of the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin; by Father Walsh, of New Mellerey Monastery; Father Jarboe, O.S.D., President of Sinsinawa Mound College; Rev. James A. Donellan, late Pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington City, D.C.; and Rev. J. F. Brazil, late Vicar-General of Wheeling, Va., who delivered a very eloquent sermon on the occasion. All the Rev. gentlemen named are now of this diocese, and make the number of priests fifty, including those ordained. Father Donellan baptized five converts on Sunday, the 22d of August.

In addition to the seminary attached to the Convent of the Sisters of the B. V. M. on their extensive and beautiful farm eight miles from Dubuque, and their day school, which they have conducted for the last fifteen years in the city, they have just now opened another school on a lofty eminence at the North end of the city and attached to St. Patrick's Church, of which the Rev. Mr. McCabe is Pastor. Free schools are kept by the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, attached to the Cathedral, St. Patrick's and Trinity Churches.

Our good Bishop (may the Almighty spare him to his Diocese for many long years) will leave next week for St. Louis, to attend the Provincial Council which opens on the 5th of September. This Council will nominate three new Bishops to Rome, for the Dioceses of Chicago, St. Paul and Omaha, N. T. LAY.

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN VERMONT.

BURLINGTON, VT., Aug. 27, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Sir:—A spare hour having presented itself, I thought it might be well employed by writing a little news for the TABLET, respecting the state of the Church in this part of the country. I see in your highly esteemed paper that communications from all parts of the country appear in its columns, and I hasten to represent Vermont. At present I will confine myself to one subject, and I am unable to treat it with justice, but seeing that those who are better able to write are silent, I thought I might say a few words.

The space of five years has nearly elapsed since Divine Providence favored us with a heavenly gift by bestowing on us an inestimable treasure. This treasure consists chiefly in the person of a bishop. Before his arrival amongst us, Vermont was nearly if not entirely a Pagan country. It is impossible for me to say what a change has taken place in this short period. It would require the pen of a Lingard to describe it. By taking into consideration the state of the country at that time, its feeling towards Catholicity, its bigotry, and to cap the climax, its Know-Nothingism, then, Mr. Editor, you might well exclaim with the Seraphim "Gloria in excelsis Deo." Vermont is not to be compared with the Catholic West, or rich New York, where you can afford "thousands" when called for. Still, however small our mite may be, it is given cheerfully, as can be testified by our own priests, and foreign missionaries who had occasion to give us a call. In former days it was a crime to speak of a Catholic Church; but now, thanks be to God, by the zeal and productive labors of our beloved Bishop, churches are springing up throughout our State. The first Catholic edifice in Burlington was maliciously reduced to ashes, but the good priest, the Rev. J. O'Callaghan, who was then the only pastor in a wide section of the country, by his exertions immediately supplied what the incendiaries labored to destroy and this very church will remain as a monument to perpetuate his memory. In the very place where the plot was concocted to demolish this sacred edifice, now stands a beautiful structure, occupied by the Sisters of Charity. What a revolution! Who could imagine that this house of infamy would ever be converted into a house of prayer. How glorious it is to hear the bell peal forth its praise morning, noon and eve—"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria." This convent is located in the pleasantest part of the town, and if you were to see it, you would say it was designed for the purpose for which it is now used. In this Institution are several Sisters giving a gratuitous education to many children. In connection with this is an orphan asylum where there are at present a large number of children receiving not only food and raiment but also a good education. Before this institution was established many a poor orphan was exposed to the snares of the enemy. Besides this institution there is also a good school for boys under the management of an experienced teacher.

Our Cathedral looks beautiful—it is situated in the centre of the town. View it from the outside and it looks well, but enter and what a contrast! The altar is most excellently decorated—this part is under the exclusive management of the good Sisters, who always delight in decorating it. On the top of the altar stands a beautiful painting, representing our Saviour expiring on the Cross—it is as large as life. It was executed and presented to the Church by an American lady, once a Protestant but now a Catholic. How strange it is that those who were the most bigoted, and after going through every change, are now reposing in the consolation which is nowhere to be found except in the bosom of the Catholic Church. It is plain to be seen. One gentleman who was once a hater of this creed can now be seen presenting St. Joseph or the Blessed Virgin with a bouquet plucked from his own garden.

Yours, BURLINGTONIAN.

THE CHURCH IN MAINE.

BANGOR, ME., August 25, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Dear Sir:—Permit me through the columns of your excellent journal to inform your numerous readers of the solemn and imposing ceremonies of the Church which were celebrated here on Sunday, 22d inst. At 9 1-2 o'clock, A. M., Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of our diocese, Right Rev. D. W. Bacon, assisted by the following clergymen: Rev. John Bapst, Assistant; Rev. P. Bacon, Deacon; Rev. M. W. Murphy, Sub-Deacon; and Rev. Eugene Vetromile, as Master of Ceremonies. The Bishop also confirmed 449 persons—100 of whom were adults—a large number being from Ellsworth, Belfast, Bucksport, Frankfort, Carmel and Oldtown, instructed by Rev. Father Vetromile, whose mission extends to the above places. His Lordship also preached a sermon from Acts, ii. 4: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," and the Bishop showed the tenderness of Mother Church in administering each Sacrament according to the spiritual necessity of her children, and particularly explained to those who were going to receive Confirmation the necessity of that Sacrament to make them strong and perfect Christians, good soldiers of Jesus Christ, willing if necessary to lay down their lives for His sake. After Mass he gave solemn Benediction to those present, which was received by the people in an humble and pious manner, which showed the faith and devotion of the congregation.

At 7 o'clock, P.M., Vespers were sung and a sermon preached by the Bishop from Psalms, 44: "All the glory of the king's daughter is within." The subject of this discourse was the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, in which the Bishop in a touching and eloquent manner showed us why we should honor and venerate the Virgin Mother of God. The Church on both occasions was thronged to excess, a great many members of other religious denominations being present. The music was well rendered by the choir of the Church, conducted by Mr. H. R. Streeter and assisted by Miss Harking of Portland, whose melodious voice struck the hearers with admiration. It is pleasant to be able at any time to state the progress of our holy religion, and the progress of the Church in Bangor has been rapid. As late as twenty years ago, not a single Catholic Church was to be seen in our city, now we have two, one of which is the largest and most costly in the city. We comprise the largest congregation of any one denomination, have three zealous clergymen, a temperance society, numbering over two thousand members, a Mathew institute, which our young men have kept up for the progress of temperance and literature. E. J. K.

POLITICAL PROSCRIPTION.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Sir:—I am very much pleased to see that "Sigma," your excellent Washington correspondent, is giving the TABLET a correct list of all the naturalized Irish citizens employed in the various Departments in that city. There are some few Irish clerks employed in the various Departments at Washington. It would be strange indeed if there was not one, but I doubt much whether there is a single Irish Catholic who holds a first, or even a second class clerkship worth $1,600 a year. He will find, too, a few Irish Deputy Postmasters in various parts of the Union where the Irish vote holds the balance, or where the Irish are of mixed politics; but these are under appointment from the Postmaster General, and in localities where the emoluments are but a few hundred dollars a year at best. He will find a few holding minor offices under Collectors of Customs and Surveyors of Ports; but how many, I repeat, will he find holding direct Presidential appointments, worth one thousand dollars a year, or over? How many naturalized Irishmen, or Germans, *or Catholics of any nationality*, will he find in foreign positions, such as Ministers, Charges, Secretaries of Legation, Commercial Agents, Consuls, &c.? If Mr. Chandler, an American Catholic, and a convert, has got the appointment of Minister to Naples, it was after being refused the mission to Rome, which was given to the son of the late Know-Nothing candidate for the Presidency. Mr. C. did not ask for the mission to Naples; but if he were an Irishman born, it is certain that he would not have got it. The present Minister at the Court of Naples is, or was, a Scotch infidel.

"Sigma" can show the adopted citizens of the United States the estimation in which they are held by gambling politicians, and the time is propitious to teach them that there is more moral force in sometimes staying at home from the polls, or in dividing their votes as Americans do, than in being the persistent followers of modern Democracy right or wrong. And there is one thing more which I venture to suggest to "Sigma." He will find twice the number of adopted citizens appointed to office during the fifteen or sixteen months of the Taylor and Filmore Administration than in the same number of months under Mr. Buchanan. I assert, too, without fear of successful contradiction, that he will find more evidences of Know-Nothingism in the Buchanan Administration than in any other for the last fifty years! I am a naturalized Irish Democrat of thirty years' standing, and never failed to vote my party ticket, from President down to the lowest constable. I learned my political lessons,

and became fixed in my political principles, under the Administration of John Quincy Adams, but as all things human are fallible and liable to corruption and decay, so are politics in the United States, and there is no more comparison between my party of to-day and that of twenty-five years ago than there is between Mr. Buchanan and General Jackson. I have never sought office, although some minor positions have sought me in my life-time. I would as soon be a slave on an Alabama plantation as be an anti-slavery Republican, but certain it is that if Seward were President of the United States he would not proscribe us as a class as Buchanan does.

There is heavy and meritorious work before "Sigma."

MISSISSIPPI.

PHIL-HISTORIC SOCIETY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

TOLEDO, Aug. 24th, 1858.

MESSRS. SADLIER & Co.—*Gentlemen*:—Enclosed please find the resolutions of the members of the Phil-Historic Society at their late meeting. We hope soon to make you a suitable return in consideration of your generous conduct. Your paper is to us *valuable*, but your kindness and condescension dear and grateful.

Yours, respectfully,
THOMAS N. TRANOR, *Sec.*

Resolved, That we, the members of the Phil-Historic Society of the city of Toledo, return to Messrs. SADLIER & Co. our warmest thanks, for their generous donation of one year's subscription of their excellent TABLET, whose circulation each and all of us will aid to the extent of our power.

Resolved, That, with their permission, we enrol their names on our list of honorary members, marked specially among our most liberal benefactors.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to Messrs. SADLIER & Co. for insertion in their paper.

THOMAS N. TRANOR, JERRY FOLEY, } Committee.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

RUAN, Ennis, Co. Clare,
June 28th, 1858.

To the Men of Clare and the Irish Resident in Boston:

FRIENDS AND EXILED COUNTRYMEN—I beg to acquaint you that emancipating Clare is about erecting a monument to Daniel O'Connell on the spot where the old Court House stood, and where that gigantic tribune in 1828 smote to the earth the ascendancy of a heartless oligarchy, and made us a free people.

Conscious that a monument to O'Connell in Clare, with the noble historic associations of that eventful struggle in behalf of a helot race, should necessarily engage the attention of Irishmen at home and abroad, we therefore deem it right to give you an opportunity of participating in this noble undertaking.

Numbering six millions, and having sprung to the altitude of a free people under the genius of democracy, you must inevitably be a powerful element in the great republican confederacy of America.

Knowing the lively interest our countrymen in America always evinced to everything connected with their "dear native Erin," we should deem it ungenerous to disconnect ourselves, on any important occasion, with you, the freest and noblest portion of our blood and kindred.

Though Ireland does not exhibit the same grinding poverty, the same wide-spread wretchedness, clad in rags breathing the odor of the grave, as a few years since, and though she is now in the enjoyment of comparative material prosperity, there is still a moral wilderness brooding like a nightmare on the land. Her public men, with few exceptions, are the vilest on record.

Filthy government offal, place, pelf, and personal aggrandizement, are the objects of their dearest pursuit; and the people for whose benefit senates should debate and laws be enacted, are despised and neglected.

They are so irredeemably corrupt that all the water in the Shannon would not clean them. This race of vermin will creep and die, and be forgotten when the name of O'Connell will be perpetuated from generation to generation.

Had Ireland honest public men, the many evils it was not in O'Connell's power to remove would have ceased to exist; and Ireland would at this hour be rivalling the great nations of the earth, even your own glorious Republic.

It is only by placing before the people names like that of O'Connell, and imparting to them through brass and marble an immortal inheritance, that they will be instructed in public virtue, and induced to repudiate public impostors.

The great bulk of the people and their clergy, the trades, and a vast majority of the professions, are incorruptible, and possess in an eminent degree all the elements of national resurrection. Nor is the present movement (and which is not exclusively confined to Clare) the least striking evidence of Ireland's vitality. The country that is grateful to the memory of her deserving public men cannot die. She is immortal as the public virtue she cherishes. In expressing the above sentiments, I am not writing in my collective capacity. These sentiments are my own. I have no man's proxy.

Friends, and exiled Countrymen, your faithful and devoted servant,

JEREMIAH VAUGHAN, P. P.,
Ruan and Dysart, Co. Clare.

At a meeting of the committee of the O'Connell Monument held in Ennis on the 19th of June, 1858, the following resolutions were proposed by the Rev. J. Vaughan, P. P., Ruan and Dysart, and seconded by the Rev. T. Quinn, P.P. of Inagh:

Resolved, That the resolutions passed at the great County meeting held at the Court House, Ennis, on St. Patrick's Day last, for the purpose of adopting measures to erect a monument to the Liberator of Ireland, be published in the American press, and in such Irish journals as circulate in America, that our countrymen sojourning as well in the Canadas as in the Great Republic, may thus have an opportunity of evincing their gratitude to O'Connell by co-operating with us in our efforts to honor his memory.

Resolved, That the Secretaries put themselves in communication with the Irish bishops and priests residing in America—forward to them all documents and circulars, &c., emanating from this committee, and most earnestly request that they will exert their influence in aid of this great cause, which we are sure is no less dear to them than to ourselves.

Resolved, That the men of Clare have claims on every section of the Irish race in whatever part of the world residing; that whilst the name of Clare is inseparably, and imperishably associated with Emancipation, the Catholic, whether lay or clerical, whether in office or otherwise, that on an occasion like this, would give a deaf ear to the gallant men of Clare, who, in the glorious struggle of '28, by which the doors of the British Parliament were forced, and the chains of millions of their fellow-countrymen were struck off, displayed a moral courage, and heroic chivalry which extorted praise from the greatest Captains of the age, and won the admiration of the civilized world, is an ungrateful citizen and cannot be regarded as the friend of freedom and popular rights.

A. NEWPORT, C. C., P. FITSIMON, } Secretaries.

CATHOLICITY IN FERMOY.

There are few towns in Ireland possessing greater attractions than Fermoy presents to the lover of Irish history or scenery, and the devout Catholic here finds ample food for meditation on the enduring faith of the holy Catholic Church.

Many places in the neighborhood reveal the stirring events that occurred in bygone years. Tall castles cast deep shadows upon the Blackwater, and, though in ruin, preserve from oblivion the memory of heroic deeds, when the conflict of war was heard in the land. The scenery of the Blackwater is well known. In the neighborhood of Fermoy the eye surveys mountains and dales, lofty hills and secluded valleys, the river flowing through the rich woods of famed Castle Hyde, then by the slopes of Grange, then past the lawn of Fermoy House, until it glides beneath the many arches of Fermoy bridge. Close beside this bridge in a lovely dale, shut on the south by the hill now crowned by a range of ecclesiastical buildings, which for size and architectural beauty are unequalled in the British isles, stood, in ancient times, the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin, called De Castro Dei. It was a foundation of the noble family of Roche—Lord Fermoy—and for centuries anterior to the reign of Henry VIII. afforded the blessings of religion to the rural district around. No more suitable site for a monastery could be chosen. Luxuriant plantations covered the hills, shutting in the secluded valley, and the current of the majestic river in its equitable flow resembled the tranquil life of the Cistercian Monks. Like all other religious communities, their doors were ever open to shelter the needy—their hospital provided for the requirements of the sick, their practices of piety and devotion exerted a most important influence over the rural inhabitants during an age when learning was confined to very few. How applicable are the words of Lord Macaulay, through whose bigotry truth occasionally gleams, like a ray of sunlight from a cloudy sky: "Had not these retreats been scattered among the huts of an ignorant peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burthen and beasts of prey." The Catholic communities of Monks and Nuns cast a shield, so to speak, protecting the weak against the violence of the strong. But the hour was at hand when the powers of evil were to be unchained, and the ruthless minions of the monster Henry came

"In their might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church lands into lay,
With torch to fire and sword to smite,
The Monks if they said nay,"

and the dissolution of monasteries was completed. Then the most fiendish persecution that the perverted ingenuity of man, prompted by the hate of the arch enemy towards the Church of Christ, could invent, was inflicted upon the Irish. Yet the faith delivered to the Apostles and taught by the Saints proved more than sufficient for the victory, and to-day the Catholic Church in Fermoy is as flourishing as it was when Patrick Prior, of Fermoy, was elected Bishop of Cloyne, A.D. 1226. For the last three days the pious inhabitants of this town have been flocking in crowds to the beautiful cathedral, where the sacred ceremonies of our faith have been offered with becoming splendor. On Tuesday, 10th ult., the Forty Hours' Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament commenced with a Grand Pontificial High Mass, the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne, officiating. Among the clergymen assisting were Rev. W. Twomey, Administrator of Fermoy, Deacon; Rev. Dr. Croke, President of the Diocesan College, Fermoy, Sub-Deacon; Rev. Mr. Buckley, Fermoy, Master of Ceremonies; Very Rev. Dean Russell, Ven. Archdeacon O'Brien, P.P., V.G.; Very Rev. P. D. O'Regan, P.P., V. G.; Rev. Mr. Murphy, Youghal; Rev. Mr. O'Mahony, &c.—*Cor. of Cork Examiner.*

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

Donnybrook Fair.—Meeting of the Irish Tenant League.—The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland.—Visit of the Lord Lieutenant.—Cardinal Wiseman's Visit to Ballinasloe.—Consecration of a New Catholic Church at Ballygar, county Galway.

DUBLIN, August 20th, 1858.

All your readers, I dare say, have heard of "Donnybrook Fair," and many of them, no doubt, saw it in its glory—that fair so celebrated in song and story—that combination of sin and folly, and frolic and humor, where an Irishman (according to Cockney manufacturers of "Irish comic songs") was to be seen "all in his glory." Here it was that mechanics and working men, throwing aside their tools, "let themselves out" annually for eight days from 24th of August—here they danced and drank, sang and fought, and shook hands over and over again all the week round, and here, of course, all the outcasts, the thieves, the blacklegs of the whole country congregated. Literary people wrote about it; and foreigners came over specially to see the Irishmen going through their periodic madness during Donnybrook week. But who can tell the amount of misery and crime, and remorse and unhappiness of every possible description that this gay fair left behind it each year? I have heard it stated by a competent authority that the number of young females who were annually led from the paths of virtue during Donnybrook week was most appalling. Seeing the many abuses of which this fair was a fruitful source, a numbrr of gentlemen, including many clergymen, and headed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Boyce, put their heads together one day in the year of grace 1855, and considered how they could put an end to such a great social evil. The fair was held under an old patent, which at the time was in the possession of a family named Madden, and the committee appointed by the gentlemen above mentioned opened a subscription to obtain funds to purchase this patent, which they ultimately did; and when they became the possessors of the patent they refused to hold the fair, or to authorize any one else to do so. In this manner was the fair suppressed without remonstrance from any class except a few whiskey retailers inhabiting the village of Donnybrook, who were in the habit of making little fortunes during the fair week. The Archbishop of Dublin and many of the pastors have repeatedly taken occasion to congratulate the public on the removal of this great evil from the country. However, a few individuals who are prepared to make money on the debasement and misery of their countrymen, have been endeavoring every year, since the abolition of the fair, to revive it in a field which they say is a portion of the old Fair Green in respect of which the patent had been granted, though now separated from it by a road-way. However that be, an attempt at a fair has been made annually on this bit of land; but it has been a most miserable failure; and in the eyes of any one who saw the old fair, the thing is simply ridiculous. At this season of the year the people are always advised by their clergy to abstain from assisting in reviving, even to this petty extent, a custom which was productive of so much crime and misery, and the people, generally speaking, have taken this advice. An advertisement is now appearing in the daily papers from parties residing in the vicinity of Donnybrook, stating that the fair would be held "as usual,"—that is to say, a number of scamps and "thimble-riggers," and venders of bad gingerbread and worse whiskey, will assemble on the patch of ground above mentioned. But the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, who is always vigilant on matters involving temperance and morality, has addressed a letter, as President of the "Irish Total Abstinence Society," to the working people of Dublin, in which he says Donnybrook Fair no longer exists, that the annual gathering alluded to above is a gross scandal and a most unmitigated nuisance; and he warns all persons, especially young women, against even visiting the scene of riot and debauchery.

The members and friends of the Irish Tenant League met in council this week at their Rooms, Beresford place, for the purpose of considering what was best to be done, under existing circumstances, for the benefit of the cause of Tenant Right. The Chair was occupied by the Venerable Archdeacon Fitzgerald, P. P., Rathkeale, and the conference continued for two days. You must know that the Tenant League Bill which Mr. Maguire, M.P. for Dungarvan, and the O'Donohue, M.P. for Tipperary, brought before the House of Commons last Session, and which contained a retrospective compensation clause, was refused support by the Derby Government. Mr. Maguire stated at the meeting that in his opinion the present government never would pass a bill containing a retrospective clause as to compensation for improvements made by the Tenant, and, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, he flatly told the conference that the periodic introduction into the House of the League Bill, containing this retrospective clause, was nothing more than a "sham." His advice was that they should take a Bill from the government with a prospective operation alone, if they could get it. Mr. Beake, M.P. for Waterford, was of the same opinion. Mr. George H. Moore, late M.P. for Mayo, entirely differed from his honorable friends, his opinion being that they should consent to receive nothing short of the League Bill in its entirety. The opinion of Mr. Moore seemed to be that of the majority of the meeting, and it was stated to be the opinion of the tenant farmers of the country also, who would consider any bill which did not provide that they should have a compensation for all proper improvements they might make on their farms, as valueless as the paper on which it might be printed. The principal feature of the second day's meeting was the "plucky" speech of the Very Rev. Chairman, who, though aged three score years, spoke with all the fire of a patriot of five-and-twenty summers. He said it appeared to him that a serious question arose as to whether men were not wholly free from any moral obligation to observe the laws between landlord and tenant as at present in force, and he suggested that, as Christian powers had frequently interfered on behalf of Christians oppressed in Turkey or Syria, the Emperor of the French should be applied to as the natural ally of the Celtic and Catholic tenantry of Ireland, to use the irresistible influence which Providence now gave him with the British Government, with the view of obtaining justice for the persecuted tenantry of Ireland. The meeting ultimately adopted a series of resolutions proposed by Mr. Moore, to the effect that the League Bill was the smallest demand that in full justice to the tenant could be put forward; that a committee be appointed to take council with the friends of the ballot in England, with the view of the adoption of that principle in Ireland in the exercise of the elective franchise; and deferring the introduction of the League Bill into the House for a month after the next meeting of Parliament, with the view of allowing time to the government to fulfil the pledge which it made to the independent Irish members of Parliament, that a cabinet measure would be introduced, acceptable as a measure of justice to the tenant farmers of Ireland.

The Lord Lieutenant went down specially last Wednesday to eat his dinner with the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland at Londonderry, where their annual show was this year held. The famous city opened its gates with great jubilation to receive his Excellency, and the "'Prentice Boys," who turned out in their best, exploded all the available powder of which they were the possessors, in honor of the happy event. The show is stated to be a very successful one. His Excellency, in his after-dinner speech, congratulated the country generally on its improved and improving condition.

A meeting was held on Wednesday last of the inhabitants of the town of Ballinasloe, for the purpose of making preparations to testify the respect and regard of the townspeople for his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, on the occasion of the approaching visit of his Eminence to the town to preach at the consecration of the new Church of Ballinasloe. A resolution was passed congratulating the inhabitants on the steady advancement which the holy Catholic religion is making in the town and neighborhood. On the return of Cardinal Wiseman from Ballinasloe he will deliver a lecture in Dublin for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

A beautiful church which has been erected at Ballygar, county Galway, will be consecrated early in September. The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Elphin, will officiate, and the Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Coadjutor Bishop of Elphin, will preach the consecration sermon.

I have just taken up a Kilkenny paper which contains the sad intelligence of the death of one who worthily represented Ireland in the ranks of the illustrious men of science in Europe: Dr. Cane. I have but time at present to notice the mournful fact.

DUBLINER.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Reception of the Queen in Germany.—An affectionate meeting between Victoria and her daughter.—News from India.—Punishment of the Turks at Djeddah.—The steamer Cyclops before the town—The Anglican clergy and the Confessional.—A memorial to the Bishop of Oxford.—A manufacturer and his employees.—Their opinion of Religion.—An arrest in "high life."

LONDON, 20th August, 1858.

The reception of her Majesty in the Prussian towns through which she has passed on her way to visit the Princess Frederick William, has been most enthusiastic, and Queen Victoria is said to be highly delighted with it. Her desire to travel incognito has been completely overruled by the enthusiasm of the Prussians, and fetes have marked the entry of the Queen of England into every town she passed through. The meeting of the Queen and the Princess Frederick William is said to have been most affecting. They remained locked in each other's arms for several minutes, and neither one could utter a word. The Queen and the Princess were altogether forgotten in the mother and daughter. The Queen and that fine looking, walking gentleman, the Prince Consort, will return on the 31st of the present month.

There is not a single item of interest in the news from India. There seems, at least from the accounts we receive, to be nothing doing on either side. The climate was still ravaging the British ranks, and apoplexy and sun-stroke had not ceased their deadly work. It was the opinion of high authority that no man in the entire British force was in the enjoyment of perfect health. The insurgents, though they showed no desire to meet the English in the field, still continued to outmarch them and to keep them as much as possible on foot. We are in an entire state of darkness with regard to the state of affairs in Oude. All we know is that things if no worse are no better, and that the pacification of that country is out of the question at present, nor can it even be commenced before the return of the cold weather. The British troops are sadly in want of rest.

A telegram from Alexandria brings us intelligence of the punishment of the inhabitants of Djeddah for the foul and cold-blooded assassination of the English and French consuls there. The step seems somewhat precipitate, but I cannot find fault with it on that account. It will have a most beneficial effect in showing the fanatics of the East that they cannot assassinate Christians with impunity. Had the punishment of the assassins been left to the Turkish authorities, these wretches, through the dilatoriness of the Porte, would have escaped, and, encouraged by impunity, would have commenced their acts of atrocity on the first opportunity. The circumstances of the bombardment are these: The commander of the *Cyclops*, acting, it is said, according to orders, appeared with his vessel before the guilty town, and sent a communication to the Kaimakan insisting on the punishment of the assassins within a period of thirty-six hours. The Kaimakan being absent, forty hours elapsed without any answer being sent to the despatch, the bombardment commenced and continued at intervals for nearly three days. A Pasha went on board the *Cyclops* and assured the Captain that the guilty persons would be punished as soon as an order arrived from Constantinople, as capital punishment cannot be inflicted on any person within the Sultan's dominions without an order from the seat of the Ottoman Government. The bombardment, says the telegram, was nevertheless continued until a special commissioner arrived from Constantinople, when eleven of the insurgents were publicly hanged before the whole port, and three others sent on to Constantinople.

The increasing tendency of certain portions of the Anglican clergy to introduce into their form of worship Catholic ceremonies and practices, is causing considerable sensation and no small dismay among the haters of everything which smells in the slightest degree of "Popery." The confessional question which has thrown Belgravia into hysterics, is presenting itself in various localities throughout the country. A great excitement has been created in a small town in Berkshire by one of the clergymen of the locality having heard the confessions of certain of his parishioners. A memorial has been addressed to the Bishop of Oxford by the Vicar, churchwardens and a portion of the inhabitants, praying for an inquiry into the case, and stating that they are surprised and alarmed at "the progress of certain Romanizing doctrines and practices in the bosom of the Anglican church—one of which they would specify—scarcely ever heard of since the days of the Reformation till within the past few years—an unscriptural and un-Anglican mode of confession; and unless these practices are checked by the firm hand of authority, they fear that the general character of the clergy will be lowered in the eyes of their parishioners, that the happy and free intercourse which now exists between both parties will be destroyed, and that the clergy and laity will be separated into two distinct bodies. Their address, however, has produced no effect, the answer of the Bishop being in favor of the clergyman, and informing the Vicar and churchwardens and others that things were not half so bad as they represented them, and that in short they were making much ado about nothing.

A provincial exchange relates an anecdote illustrative of the means used in the West of England to induce the working people to attend church. A manufacturer of Exeter Hall propensities who employs a great number of persons in his establishment with a design to induce his hands to attend church on the day of general humiliation, informed them that if they went to church they would be paid their wages as if they had worked. It is needless to say that all hands were on hand. Some of the clever fellows among the workmen, however, conceived the idea of turning their employers Exeter-Hallism to better and more lasting account. A meeting was held and a deputation appointed to call on their employer and inform them that if he would pay the hands for overtime they would go to listen to the Methodist preacher every evening. The manufacturer did not think it advisable to make such an outlay for piety of the description which his employes possessed.

An "honorable" and a "Major" of the Royal Artillery named Yelverton was arrested on Thursday of last week for bigamy. He is the second son of Lord Avonmore. Some time since the "honorable" Major married a highly respectable Irish lady named Longworth. The marriage ceremony was performed by a Catholic clergyman, Miss Longworth having previously abjured Protestantism and embraced the Catholic faith. The bigamist is a Protestant. Yelverton left his wife in Paris in June last, went to Edinburgh, and was married in the Episcopal Chapel to a daughter of the late General Ashworth, the widow of Professor Forbes. It was three weeks after the marriage when it was publicly announced. The moment the Honorable Major's first wife heard of the affair she came to England, and her friends caused Yelverton to be arrested. The accused has been admitted to bail in the sum of £1,000.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

A candid confession.—"Cherbourg" correspondents—A concentrated sketch.—The Press.—The Concordat with Portugal.—Cardinal de Bonald—Departure of Father Ratisbonne.—Echo of Djeddah.—Duel between a French officer and an American gentleman.

PARIS, 12th August, 1858.

I commence by informing you that I was not at Cherbourg, and consequently was not an eye-witness of the inauguration of the new basin, the arrival of the Queen of England, or the fetes by which these and the other incidents of the imperial and Royal visits to the French Gibraltar were signalized. I know more than one American correspondent who has never left Paris, yet will date his present letter "Cherbourg" and give a graphic description of the ceremonies, taken from the Cherbourg correspondence of some city paper. Their letters, however, will be just as truthful as those of the journalists who went to Cherbourg, for these latter in consequence of their train being obliged to wait in a side station to admit of the passage of the Imperial train, did not arrive in Cherbourg until the first part of the fetes was concluded. So that those who staid in Paris very nearly saw as much of them as they did, and had not the doubtful pleasure of paying an exorbitant price for sleeping on a hard chair, or for nourishment of the most questionable nature cooked in the most hurried style. The fact, however, that the journalistic train lost the best part of the festivities did not prevent some of them from picturing them in the most glowing colors. My conscience as a newspaper correspondent has not yet arrived at that pleasant degree of elasticity, and what is more, I hope never will.

I will not attempt to give you a detailed description of the fetes; your European files of English and French journals will have no doubt made you acquainted with them ere this reaches you. Suffice it to say that nothing was wanting to make the inauguration of the new basin an era in the history of pageants. The grand and imposing ceremonies of the holy Catholic Church gave a character of dignity and solemnity to the affair which would have otherwise been sought in vain. The launching of the *Ville de Nantes*, the visit of the Queen, the presence of a magnificent fleet, the incessant roar of artillery, and in the evening the superb displays of fireworks—displays which one must come to France to see in all their artistic splendor—the order and artistic arrangement which characterizes such manifestations in this country—combined to make the festival all that could be desired by those who attach importance to such displays.

The Paris papers are of course full of the event, and every little incident of the ceremonies, as well as of the Imperial progress through Brittany, is carefully chronicled and eagerly read. The speech of the Emperor has been the subject of leading articles, or as we call them here—*premiers Paris*—in all the papers. The peaceful tenor of it with regard to England has been warmly commended by organs of nearly all shades of opinion. The inauguration, however, has been the cause of some caustic articles being exchanged between our press and that of London, the latter being inclined to criticize very severely the establishment in their neighborhood of such an impregnable fort as Cherbourg.

A correspondent writing to one of the city journals says that a question which deeply interests France is being at present negociated in Rome. It is that of the Concordat with Portugal. The writer says that the Indian and Chinese missions would be seriously interfered with if the Portuguese protectorate be maintained, and thinks that it would put an end to French influence in those countries. The French bishops and missionaries have made, it is said, appeals to the Propaganda. It is not known whether these representations will be maintained by the Imperial government.

His Eminence Cardinal de Bonald has been suffering from a severe illness at Lyons. The prayers of the faithful at Lyons were asked for the recovery of the eminent prelate, and heaven has heard them, for by the last accounts received, the Cardinal Archbishop was much better and has returned to his primatial residence which he left in the commencement of his illness for his country residence at Vernaisen.

The Rev. Father Theodore Ratisbonne, Superior General of the Missionaries and Religious of Notre Dame de Sion, embarked on Saturday last at Marseilles on the Levant packet, *Danube*, with several religious of his order who are going to Constantinople. A profound emotion was caused by the departure of these heroic Catholic ladies from their native land to devote themselves to the instruction and salvation of the fierce enemies of the Catholic religion in the East. The excesses of the Mahometans in the East and the fearful fate of many Christians intensified the feeling of admiration with which the crowd assembled to witness the departure of the steamer regarded these saintly women who go to the fanatic East to win perhaps the martyr's crown.

By a decree, dated 3d of the present month, the Abbe Martial, Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, is appointed to the bishopric of Saint Brieuc, made vacant by the death of Mgr. Le Mee, which I announced in a late letter.

The massacre of the French and English consuls at Djeddah has had its echo elsewhere. As soon as the news of that horrible affair reached Gaza, a town in Palestine situated at about fifty miles from Jerusalem, the Mahometans assembled in great numbers and laid a plot to attack the Christians. The next day while the latter were at church, three hundred Turks attacked the church, burst in the doors, assailed the Christians and insulted the bishop. The Christians, however, made a bold stand and the Mussulmen retired and went towards the Frank quarter where they attacked the houses of the Christians and committed all sorts of excesses. The Mahometan women followed the troop of fanatics, exciting them by singing and shouting. The timely arrival, however, of a Turkish functionary, who lived in the suburbs, checked the disorder and saved the Christians of Gaza from the fate of those of Djeddah. An inquiry into the affair is being made before the Governor of Jerusalem, under whose jurisdiction the town of Gaza is placed.

A duel took place on the 3d inst. on the banks of the Rhine, near Strasbourg, between an American gentleman at present residing in Baden and a French officer. This meeting grew out of the De Pene affair, of which I gave you all the particulars at the time. A letter from the gentleman to an American journal commenting on the officer's conduct in that affair was the the cause of the duel.

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Address of the Irish Citizens of Montreal

TO CAPTAIN BISHOP, COMMANDING THE STEAMSHIP "LADY EGLINTON."

The following is the address referred to by our Montreal correspondent. It was presented by Mr. McGee, and elicited rounds of applause from all present.

Sir:—The undersigned, citizens of Montreal, of Irish origin, on behalf of themselves and others, beg leave to express to you their heartfelt interest in the enterprise of which the *Lady Eglinton* has been the pioneer to this port—viz.: the establishment of direct steam communication between the Western coast of Ireland and the St. Lawrence. And we also beg leave to assure you, that if it were not for the unforeseen accidental circumstance of your arrival at the period of an exciting political crisis and consequent local election, that other and more tangible methods of expression would be found for the general feeling of this community, than the present Address.

In common with our fellow-citizens of all origins, we are predisposed to look with favor on every increase to the direct trade of the St. Lawrence. And we, of course, hail with especial satisfaction the establishment of such direct trade with our ever-remembered and ever-beloved fatherland. We believe this feeling to be universal with our countrymen throughout Canada, and on the American shores of the great lakes, and we are quite certain that your line needs only to be well established and well known to secure from them—as well as from the public generally—a liberal and profitable patronage. As evidence of this friendly disposition we may refer to the many cordial expressions of interest, which have been already elicited from the Canadian and Western press, on your arrival in our waters.

We beg you, Capt. Bishop, to be the medium of conveying to your owners, this expression of our good wishes, and of our anxious desire for the continuance of their enterprise, until it shall be crowned—as under the relative circumstances of both countries it easily may be—with the most complete success.

(Signed,)

Thomas D. McGee, M. P. P.; M. O'Meara, B. Devlin, Alexander McCambridge, J. P.; P. Coyle, P. J. Lynch, John Phelan, J. P.; D. O'Connor, John Gallagher, John O'Connor, Chas. H. Sharpley, Vice-President of St. Patrick's Society; F. Mullins, Wm. Butler, Geo. E. Clerk, M. Doherty, President of St. Patrick's Society; Thos. McGrath, F. F. Mullins, J. P.; Patrick Ronayne, Michael Ronayne, Patrick Joseph Fogarty, Edward Coyle, J. Sadlier, Terence Moore, Thomas Patton, Edward Handley, Patrick Fogarty, J. M. Conroy, B. McAvenue, John O'Meara.

Captain Bishop made a brief and appropriate reply, expressive of his thanks for the very handsome address presented and his confident hope that the ships of the Company would become familiar objects at the Montreal docks.

Messrs. McKinly & McGrade have opened a new store at 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard street, where they have on hand a splendid stock of Clothing suitable for the Fall and Winter trade, wholesale and retail. Messrs. McK. & McG. pay particular attention to all orders given them, and gentlemen may rest assured of being satisfactorily dealt with.

It will be seen, by an advertisement of Mr. Harrington's, Agent for the "New York Carpet Lining Co.," that he has invented a very useful article, namely, CARPET LINING. Every housekeeper will see the utility of such an article, when they are made aware of the fact, that this Lining will absorb grease spots or any other stain which may accidentally deface their carpets. All that is necessary to remove the blemish will be to pass a hot iron over the place soiled, and this Lining will entirely absorb it.

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friends to Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

NEW YORK MARKETS.

ASHES—The market is steady for both kinds; sales of Pots and Pearls, $6 Saleratus steady at 6c

COFFEE—Rio has been active, and closes very firmly; sales of 5,000 bags ex Panama, 4,500 bags ex Zingorella, and 1,800 bags in lots at 10@11¾c. Stock of Rio, 36,000 bags. Sales also of 17 bags Porto Rico at 11¼c.; 160 bags Maracaibo at 11¼@13½c., and 100 bags Java at 15c.

FISH—Dry Cod are more active; sales of 2,000 quintals Marblehead and George's at $3 50@$3 62½, including 600 do. large Marblehead at $3 56½. Mackerel are fairly active; and (some kinds) rather firmer; sales of 200 bbls. old No. 1 Mass. at $13, and 600 do. new, including 400 to arrive, at $15 25 for No. 1, $13 for No. 2, and $8 75 for No. 3. Pickled Herring are quiet and nominal. Smoked Herring are quite active; sales of 13,000 boxes, at 35c. for Scaled and 16c. for No. 1.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The inquiry for Western Canal Flour is hardly so active, and the market is irregular. Good brands are freely offered and are heavy, while the low grades are a shade firmer and in fair request for the trade and for export, and at the close a better demand prevailed; the sales are 12,400 bbls. at $3 95@$4 30 for rejected superfine and extra State; $5 for good superfine do.; $5 5· @$5 65 for good extra do.; $5 @$5 10 for superfine Western; $5 40@5 60 for low grades of extra do.; $5 90@8 25 for St. Louis brands, and $6 @$7 50 for Extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is in small stock and is unsettled; small sales of new extra at $6@ $6 50, and a lot of very choice at $6 75. Southern Flour is heavy, the arrivals are liberal and the medium grades are depressed, and prices of these nominal; the demand is in part for shipment; the sales are 2,000 bbls. at $4 75@$5 35 for Rejected Superfine Baltimore; $5 40@5 70 for good do., and $5 75@$8 for fancy and extra do. Corn Meal is heavy; small sales of Jersey at $4 10, and 200 bbls. Brandywine at $4 75.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is more active, and at the close holders are firmer; the arrivals are not large; the inquiry is in part speculative, and in part for export; the sales are 5,70 bush. Southern Red and Amber Colored at $1 15@$1 30; 35,000 bush. Red Ohio and Indiana, mostly last sowing, at $1 20@$1 22; 15,000 bush. White Michigan at $1 25 for fair old in store, and $1 30 for fair new delivered; 26,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at $1@$1 3, including 10 000 good in store at the latter rate; 460 bush. White Southern at $1 36 @$1 46; 1,000 bush. White Kentucky at $1 46, and 250 bush. Red do. at $1 25. Rye is without change; the demand is fair; the sales are 6,700 bush. at 73@76c. for fair to prime. Oats are freely offered and are lower; new are quite plenty; sales of 120,000 bush. 46½@53c. for State; 51@54c. for old Western, and 40@46c. for Jersey. Barley is quiet at 65@75c. Corn is irregular; unsound is firmer, but good mixed is lower, and is very dull of sale; Southern of all kinds lower and nominal; the sales are 40,000 bush. at 69@72c. ✠ bush.; 74@76c. for good, and small lots at 77@78c. White Beans are steady; sales of 200 bush at $1 12½.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is again better; the demand is good, and the arrivals moderate; sales of 1,070 bbls. at $16 90 for Thin Mess; $19 25 for Clear; $16 50 for prime Mess; $15@$15 40 for Rumps; $17 50@$17 75 for Mess, and $15 50 for Prime. Beef is without change; the demand is fair for the trade; sales of 300 bbls. at $11 80@$12 for Country Mess; $13 50@$14 50 for repacked Mess, and $15@$15 50 for extra do Prime Mess Beef and Beef Hams are inactive. Bacon is firm at 9½@11c. Cut Meats are in limited demand at 6¾@6¾c. for Shoulders, and 8¾@8¾c. for Hams. Lard is in good request, in part for export, and the market is firm; sales of 1,240 bbls. and tcs. at 11½@11¾c. Dressed Hogs are in demand, and good are scarce. Butter is in fair request at 12@16c. for Ohio, and 14@20c. for State. Cheese is salable at 4@7½c.

RICE is dull; sales of 75 tcs. at 3@3¾c., as to quality.

SUGARS continue firm, and a moderate business has been done; sales of 580 hhds. Cuba at 7@8¾c.; 200 hhds. Porto Rico at 7½@8c.; and 600 boxes No. 8¼ Havana at 7¾c.

SEEDS—The inquiry for Clover is light; small sales at 9c. Timothy is more plenty, and is lower; sales of 300 bush. good Western at $2 12½ ✠ bush. Rough Flax Seed is nominal.

TOBACCO—A fair inquiry; prices of domestic are well sustained; sales of 83 hhds. Kentucky at 8@12½c.; 62 bales Havana at 35@42c; 200 do Cuba on private terms; 702 cases Seedleaf at 7@18c. At auction, 185 cases new crop Connecticut, average 13c., and 400 do. old crop at 9c.

TALLOW—The market is firm, and the demand good; sales of 18,000 ℔. at 10c. cash.

TEAS—At private sale the market is rather heavy and dull.

WHISKEY—The demand is moderate, and prices are without change; sales of 400 bbls. at 24c., and extra bbls. at 24½c.

The Good Olb Days.

Words and Music by HOWARD PAUL. Arranged by F. WALLERSTEIN.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE

mf

Ritard

Ah! what a change has ta - ken place In three score years and ten; And

p

though we were not quite so fast, We were much sur - er then, These

new i - de - as as they're termed, Quite plunge me in a maze And

though they may be well - e - nough I love the good old days.

Colla voce.

2 Electric telegraphic wires,
And tunnels submarine;
Newspapers for a penny each,
And chickens hatch'd by steam.
How all these hocus-pocus tricks
Our grandsires would amaze;
But then they lived in times gone by
In fact the good old days.

3 The ladies now it seems to me,
Wear ev'ry thing for show,
And how they keep their bonnets on,
That's what I want to know.
When I was a much younger man,
They had'nt learnt such ways;
But bless my heart, I quite forget,
Those were the good old days.

4 The young men too are just as bad,
What with their chains and rings,
And curled moustaches, studs and gloves,
And all such foolish things;
They look much more like apes than men,
I'm told that some wear stays;
Now isn't that enough to make,
One love the good old days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 Chambers Street.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10, A. M. to 2, and from 5 to 7, P. M.

Trustees:

JOSEPH STUART, President, 33 Nassau street.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President, 46 Warren street.
JOHN McMENOMY, 2d Vice-President, 156 Bowery
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer, 85 Liberty st.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary, 38 Vesey street.

William Watson,	John Milhau,
John Nicholson,	Edward W. Tiers,
Andrew Carrigan,	Charles M. Connolly,
James Kerrigan,	James Kelly,
Hugh Kelly,	Daniel Devlin,
Charles O'Connor,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
James Olwell,	Edward Bayor.
John P. Nesmith,	

PETER CREEAN, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

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Of MARY DUFFY, who left county Monaghan, Ireland, about four years ago, and when last heard from was in New York State. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received by her brother, Patrick Duffy, or the Rev. P. J. Mahoney, Haverstraw, Rockland County, New York. sep4 3t

Of JOHN SMITH, a native of county Cavan, Ireland; when last heard of was living in Thirty-third street, Seventh and Eighth avenues, New York. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his sister Alice. Address T. J. Fobry, Esq., Norwood, Canada West. sep4 3t

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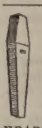

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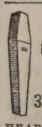

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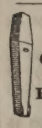

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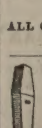

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